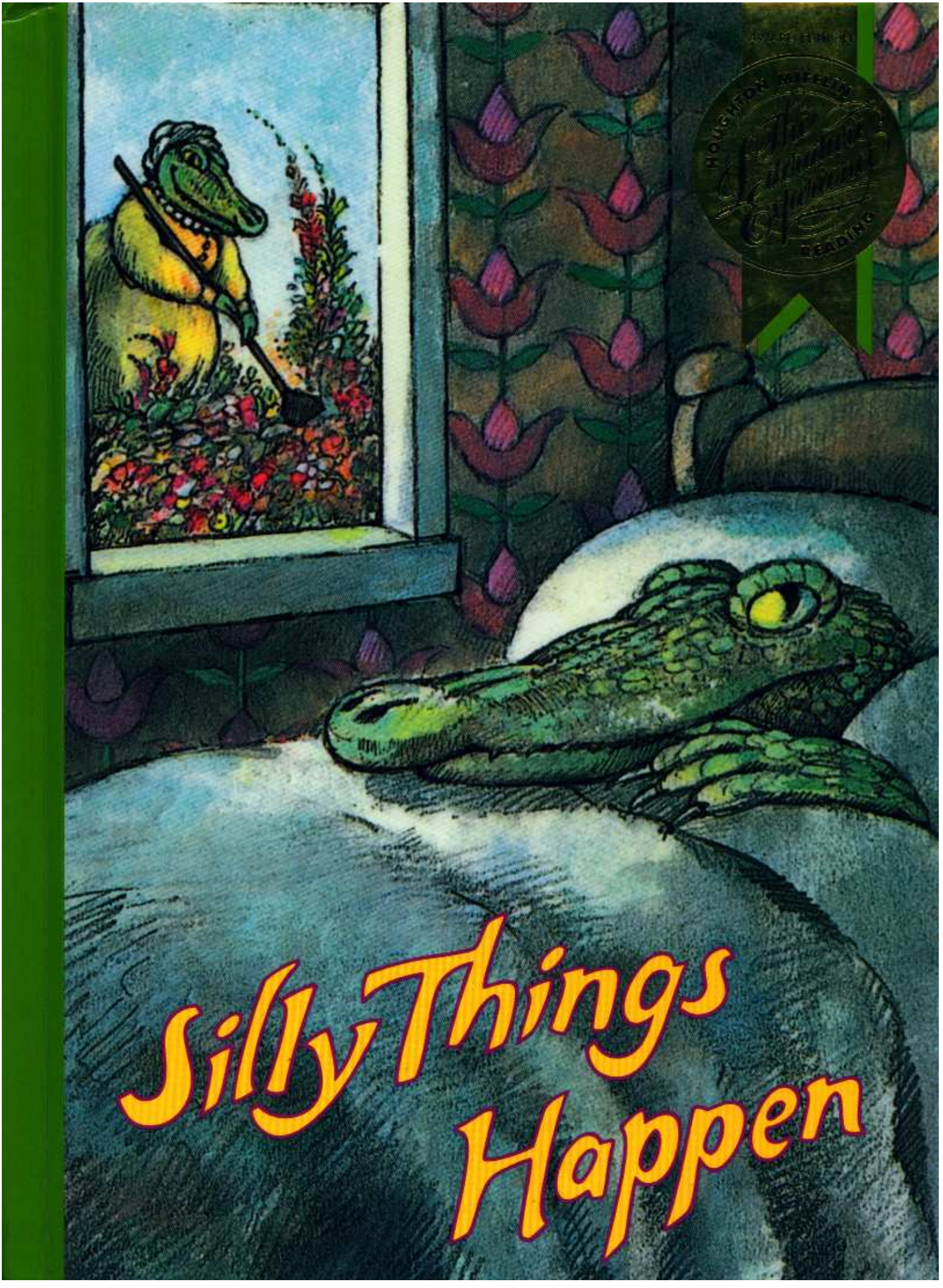
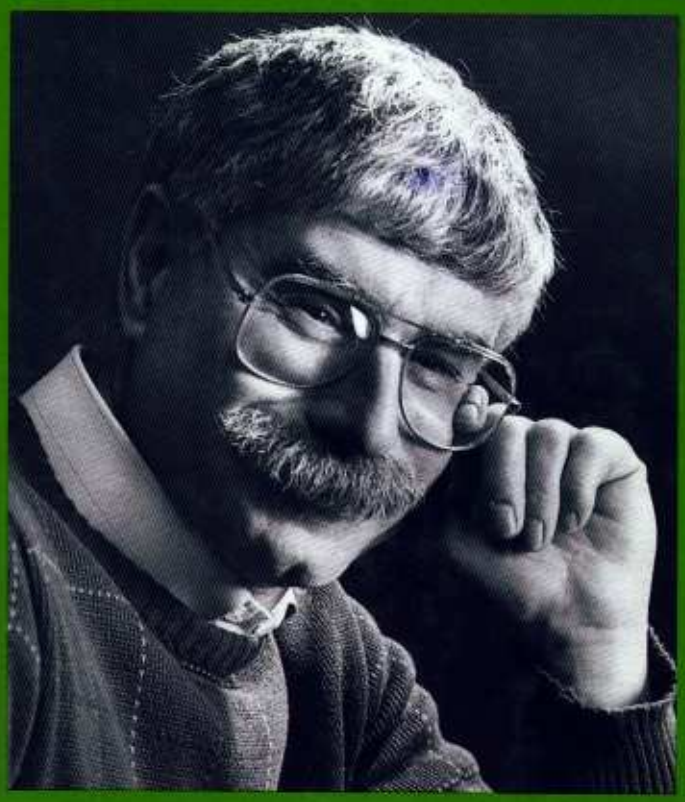

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
READING
Silly Things Happen



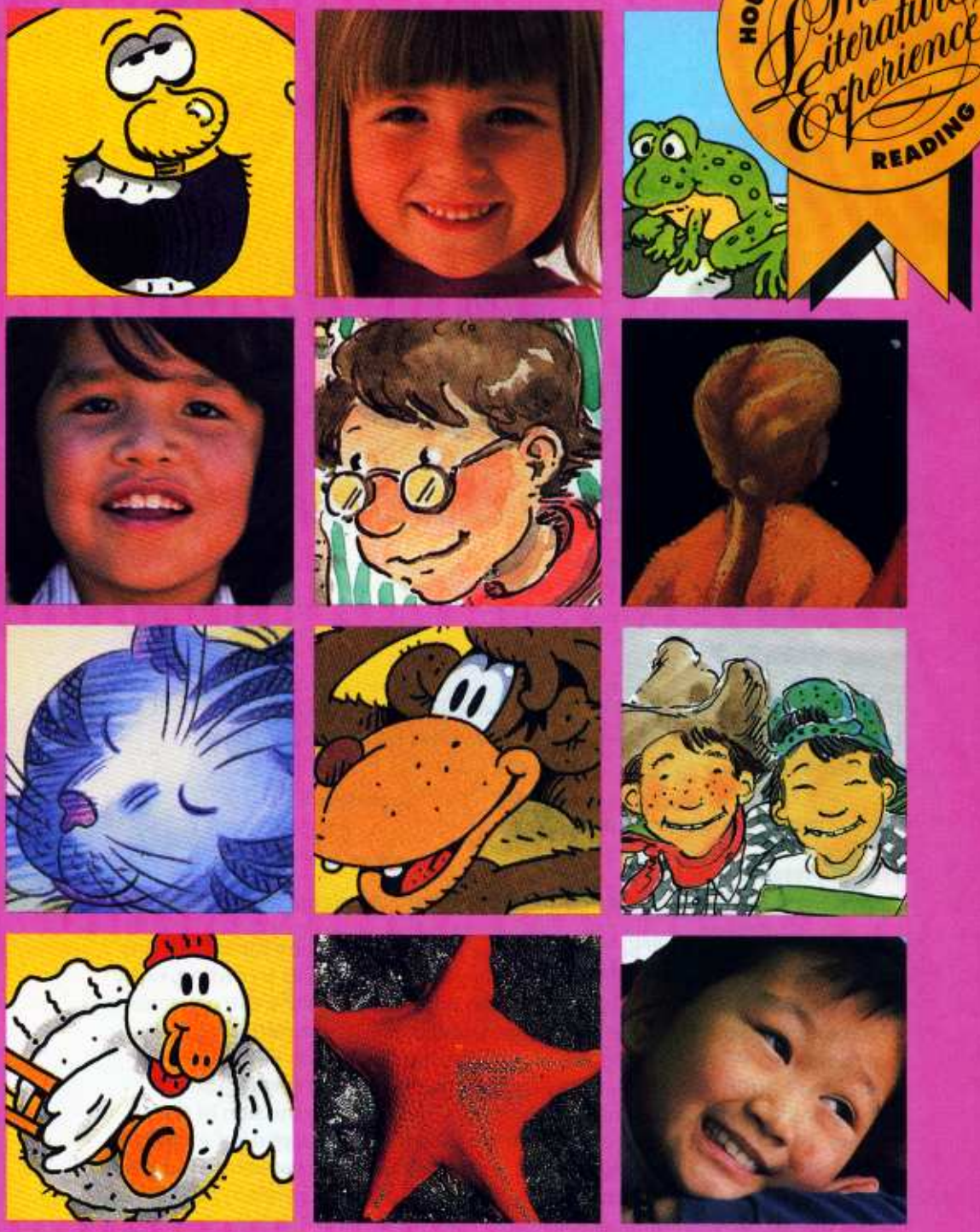
Arnold Lobel

The picture of crocodiles on the cover of this book was drawn by Arnold Lobel. These crocodiles and many other animals can be found in *Fables*, a book that Lobel wrote and illustrated. Lobel mainly loved to draw and write about animals like his famous characters Frog and Toad. But he also loved to draw mice, pigs, grasshoppers, elephants, kangaroos, and hippopotamuses.

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Celebrate reading with us!

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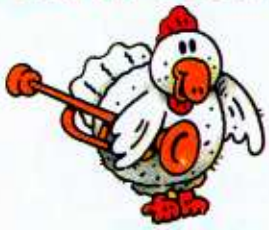
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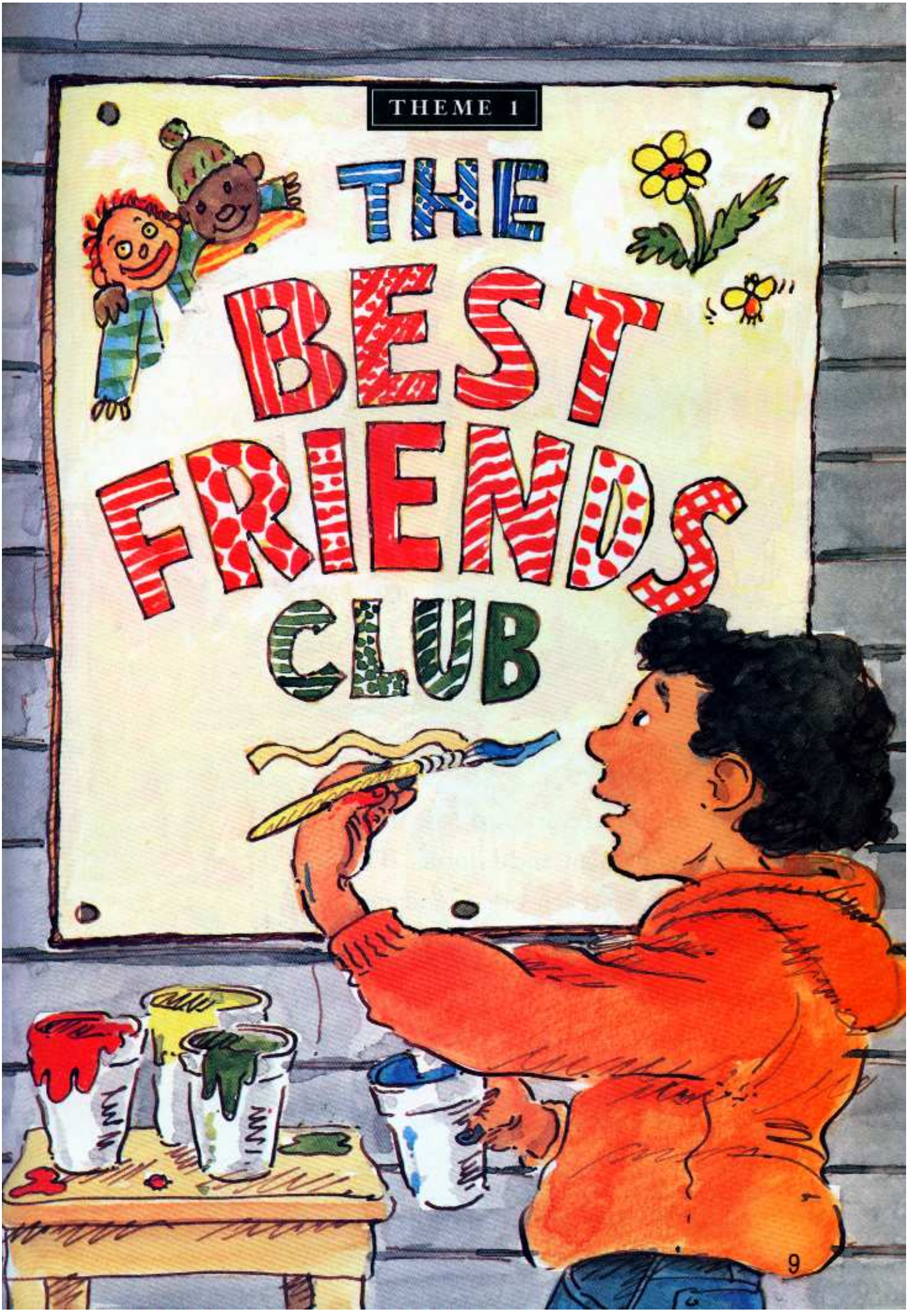
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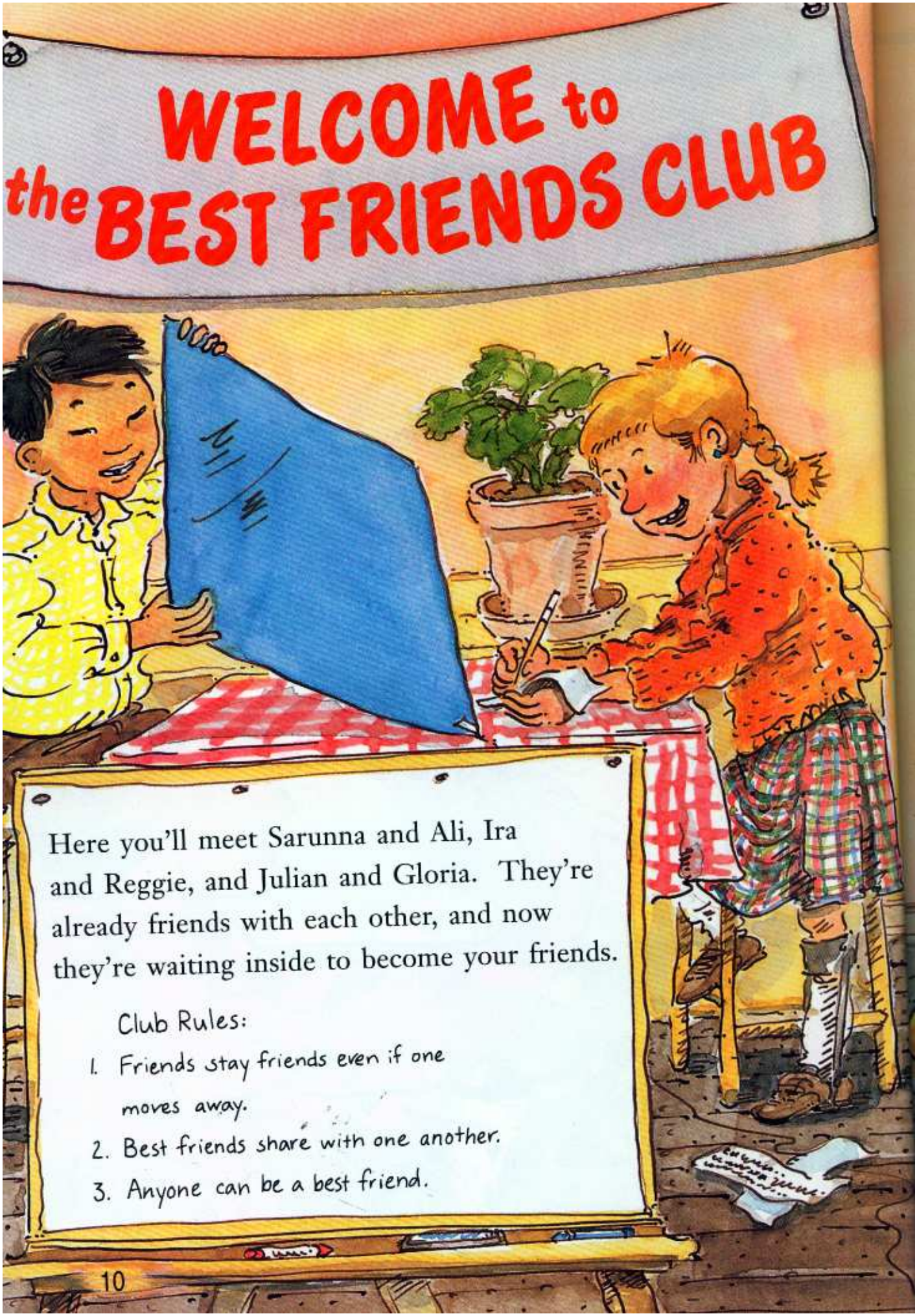
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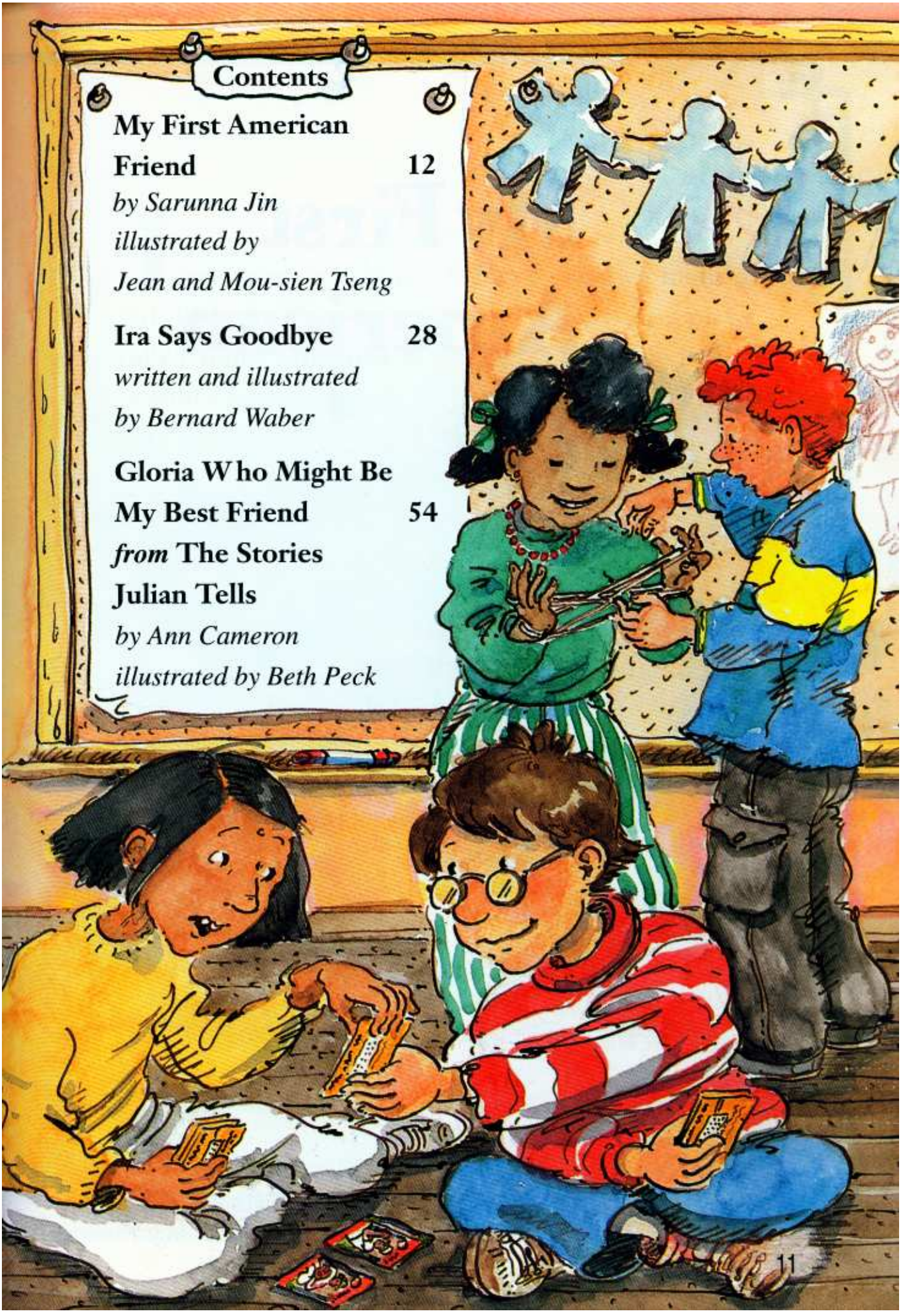
GLOSSARY

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THEME 1
THE BEST FRIENDS CLUB


WELCOME to
the BEST FRIENDS CLUB
Here you'll meet Sarunna and Ali, Ira and Reggie, and Julian and Gloria. They're already friends with each other, and now they're waiting inside to become your friends.
Club Rules:
1. Friends stay friends even if one moves away.
2. Best friends share with one another.
3. Anyone can be a best friend.



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我的第一位美国朋友

My First American Friend

by Sarunna Jin

illustrations by Jean and Mou-sien Tseng





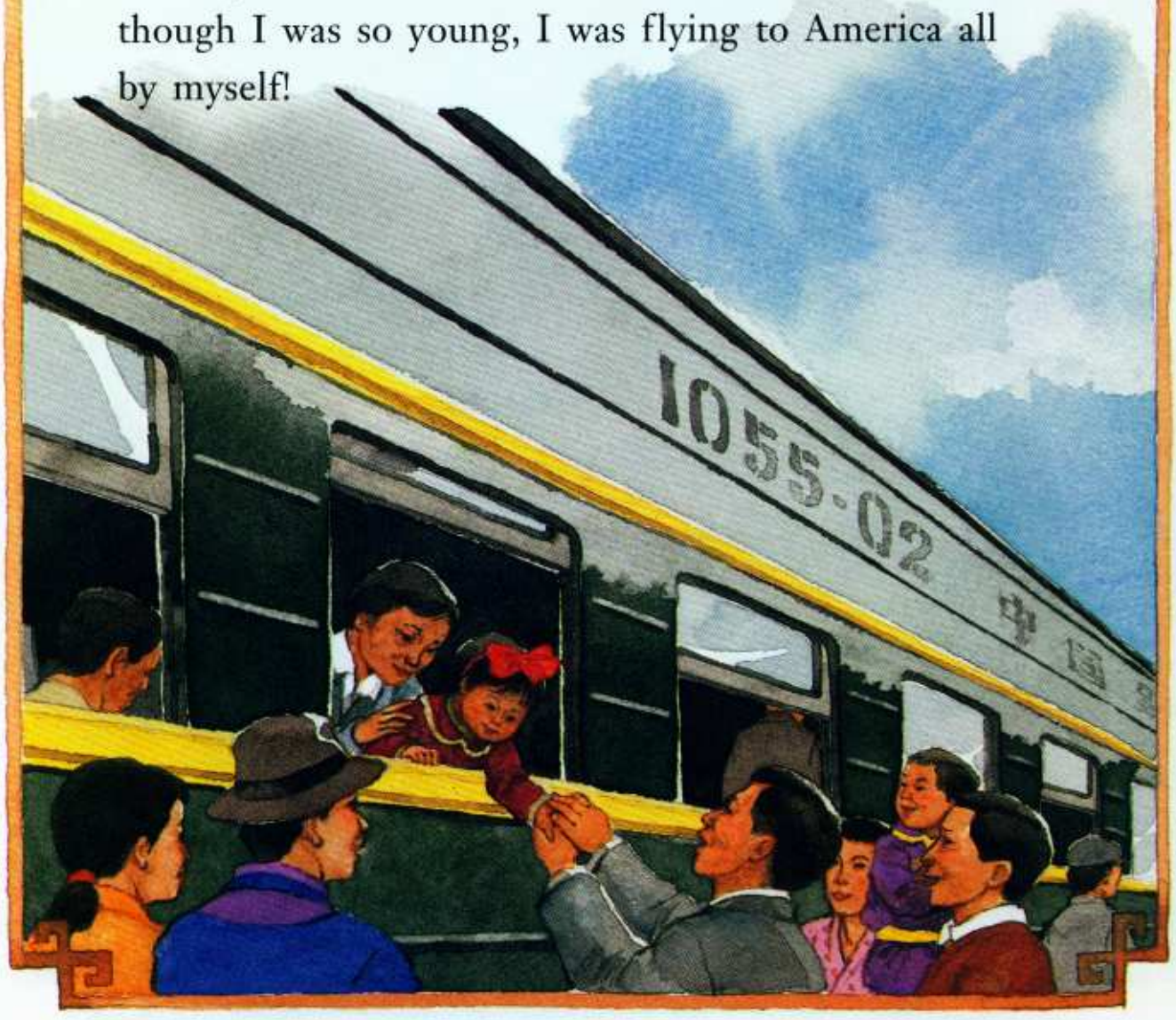
I was born in China. When I was two months old, I went to live with my grandparents in a place called Inner Mongolia in China. This made it possible for my parents to go to school in a different part of China. They wanted to do this so that we could all have a better life someday.



Later, my parents went to America to study at a school called Boston College. It is in the state of Massachusetts. I stayed with my grandparents in China. I was happy there with them and my friends.

When I was six years old, my parents asked me if I would like to join them in America. I said, "Okay!"

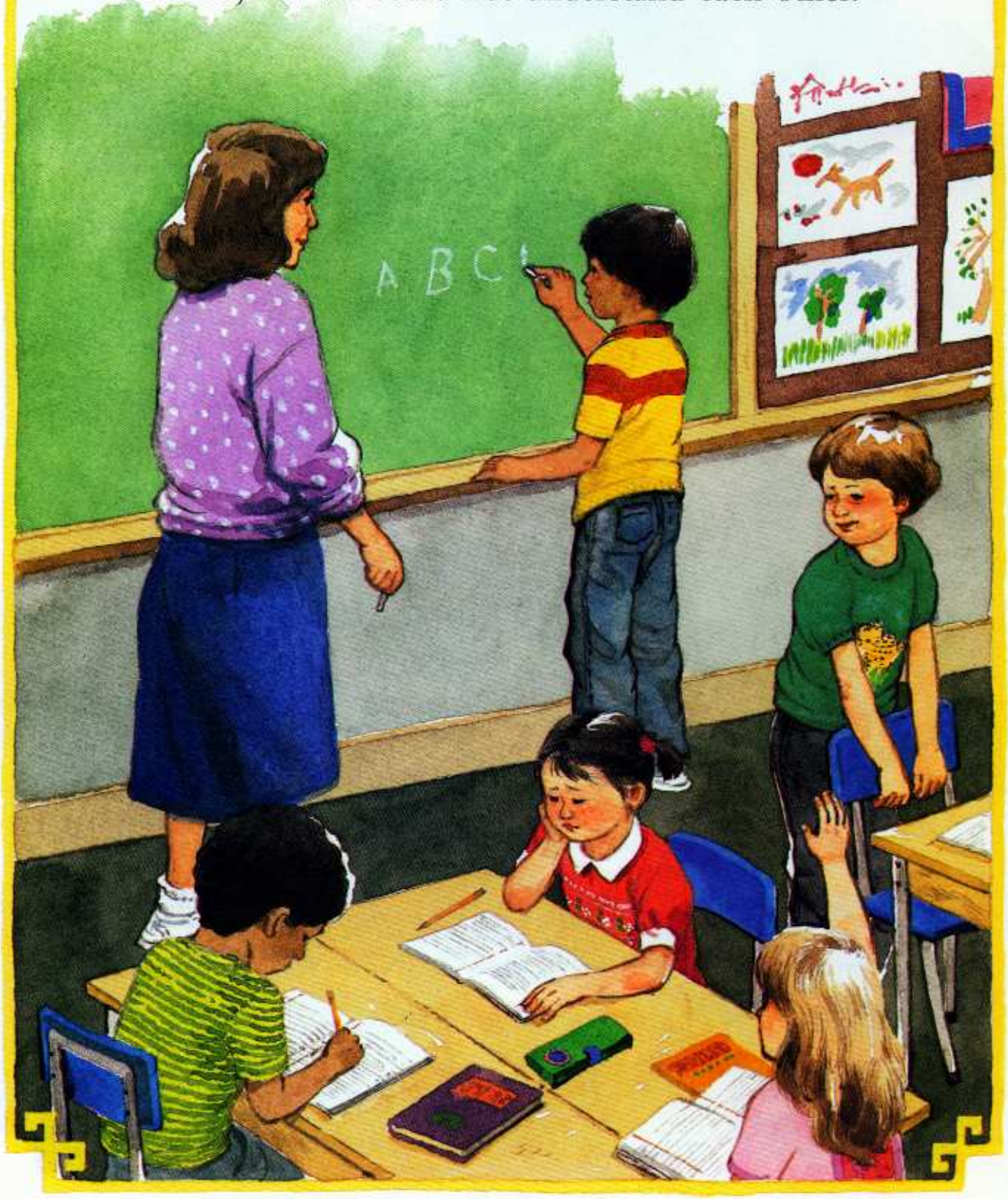
On the morning of my journey to America, I had to get up at five o'clock. My grandma and I traveled by train to Beijing, the capital of China. There we met my aunt, who took us to the airport. Even though I was so young, I was flying to America all by myself!





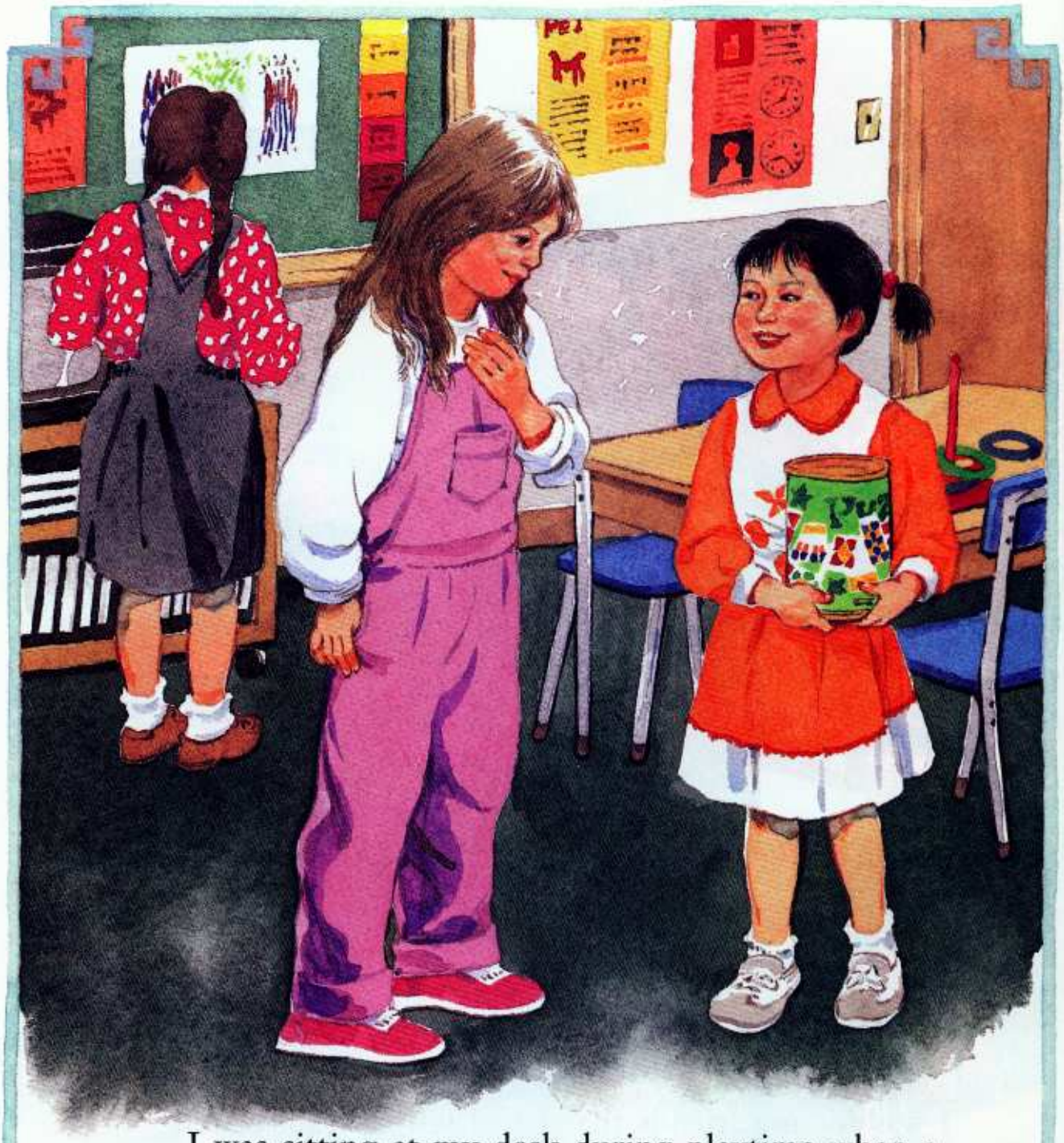
The trip was a real adventure. I flew from China to Japan, and from Japan to San Francisco in America. From there I flew to New York, where my mom and dad were waiting. We had a happy reunion with hugs and kisses.

Soon after I got to America, I started first grade. I didn't know any English. That made it difficult for me to do everything. I tried to talk with the other children, but we could not understand each other.

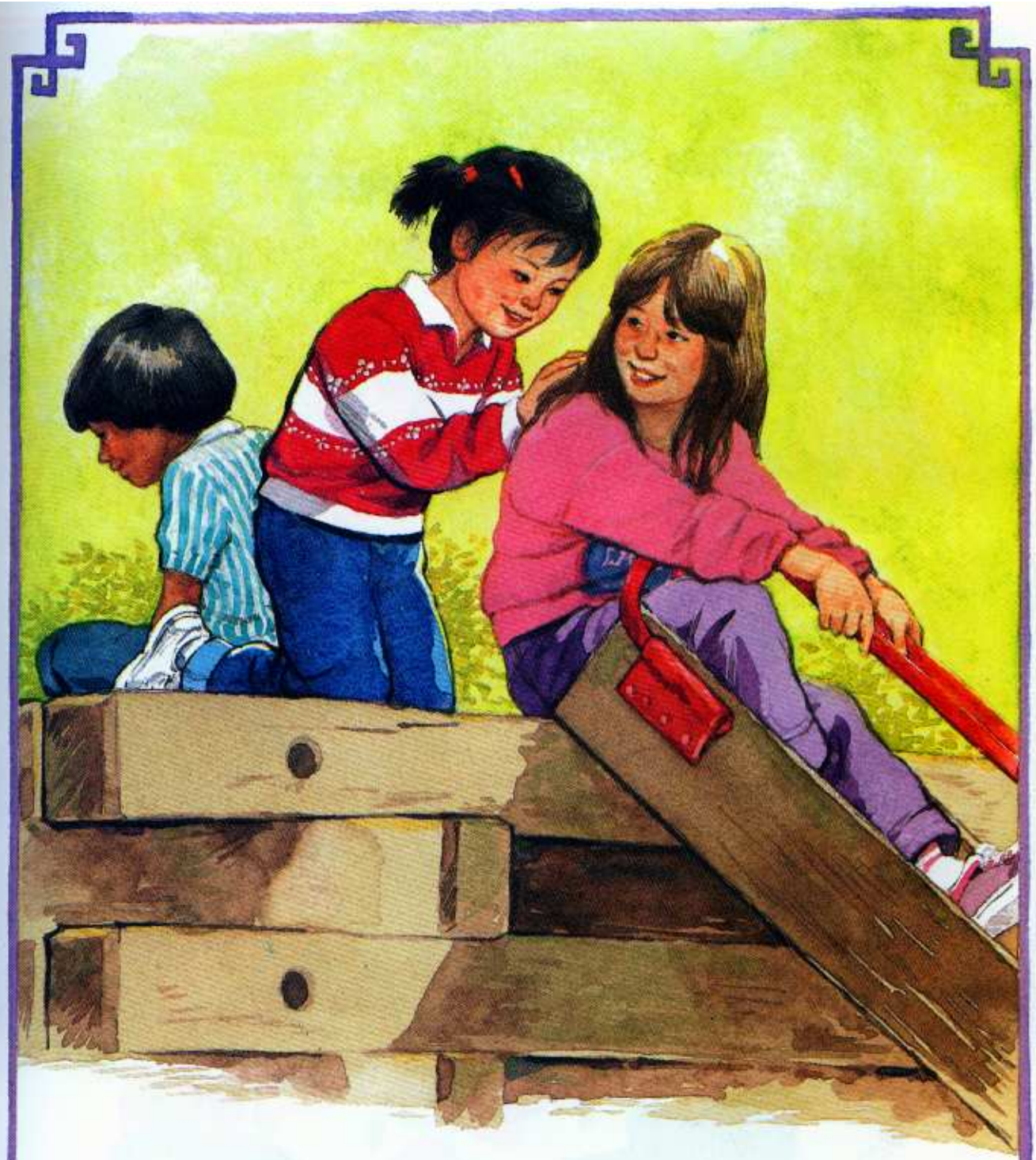




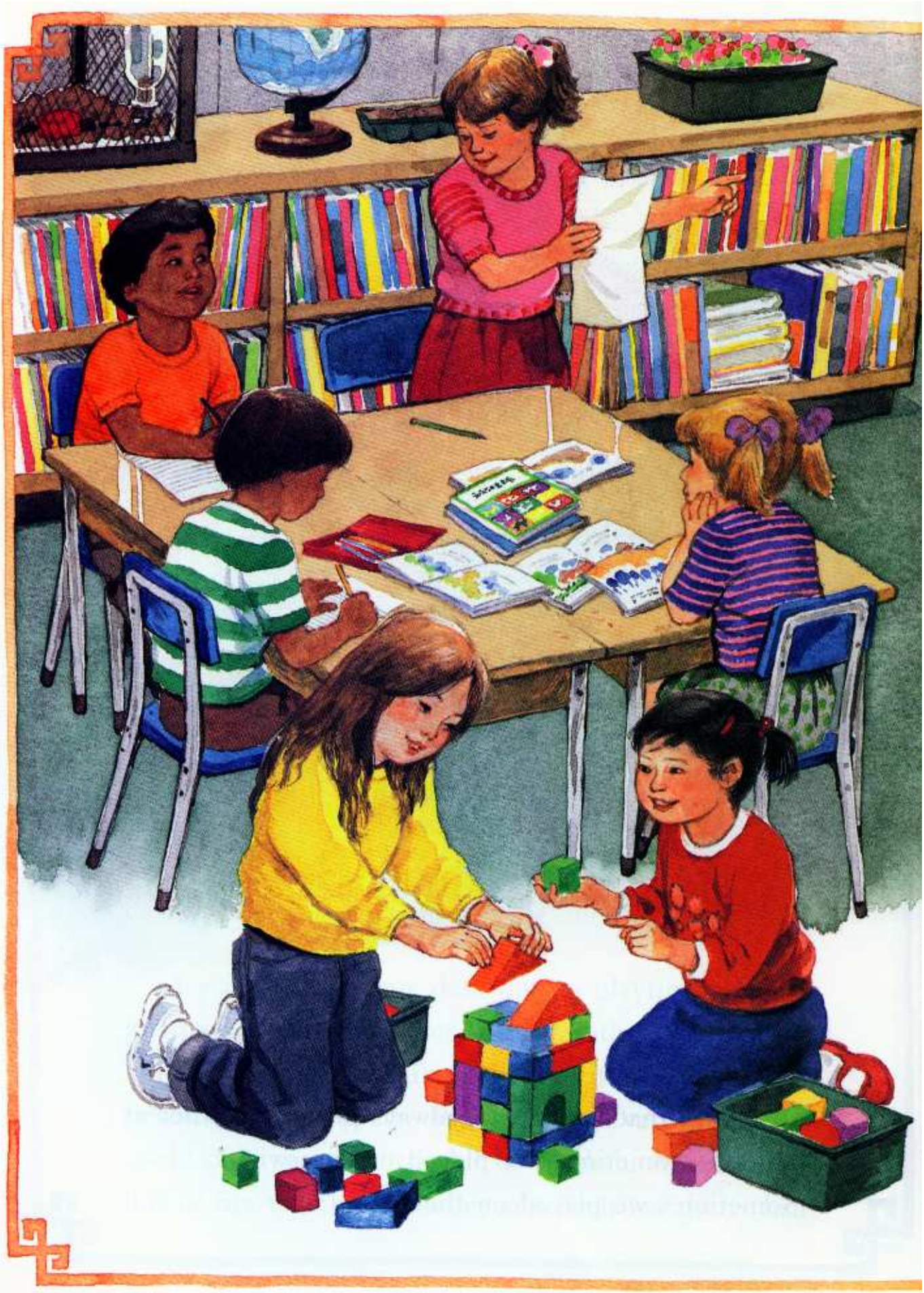
No one played with me. Oh, how sad and lonely I was for my friends that I had left behind. I felt especially sad when my mom read a letter from my grandmother. It said that one of my friends in China had knocked on my grandmother's door and asked, "Is Saruṇna back yet?" That made me sadder. Then something happened to make me feel better.



I was sitting at my desk during playtime when a girl named Ali came over to play with me. Ali had blue eyes, a pretty smile, and beautiful hair. I had never seen such pretty hair before. Even though I could only speak a little bit of English, Ali and I had lots of fun together. She let me touch her pretty hair.



From that day on, we always played together at school. Sometimes we played on the swings. Sometimes we played on the slide.

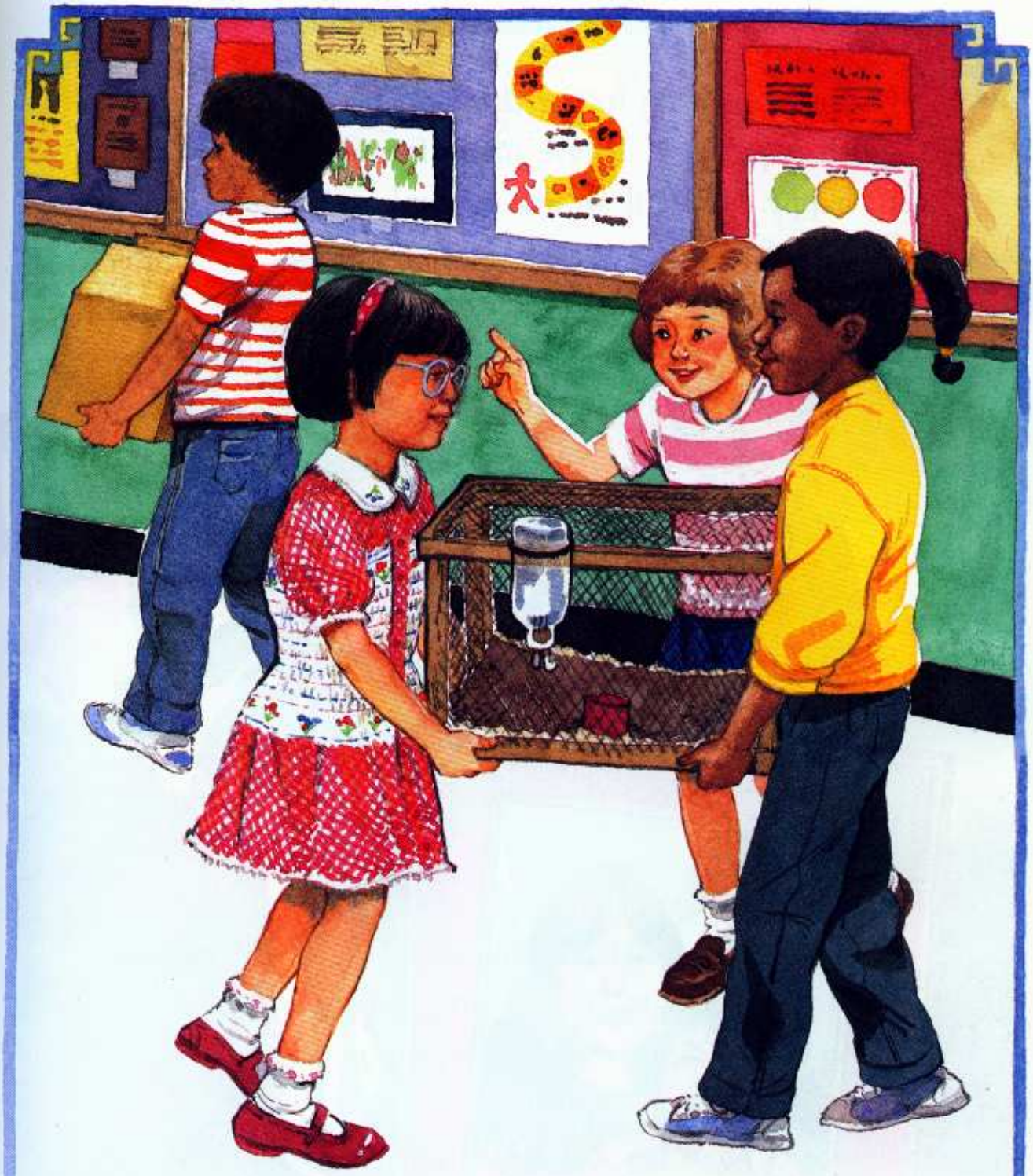




In the classroom, we built blocks and painted together. Ali and I became best friends and were very happy!

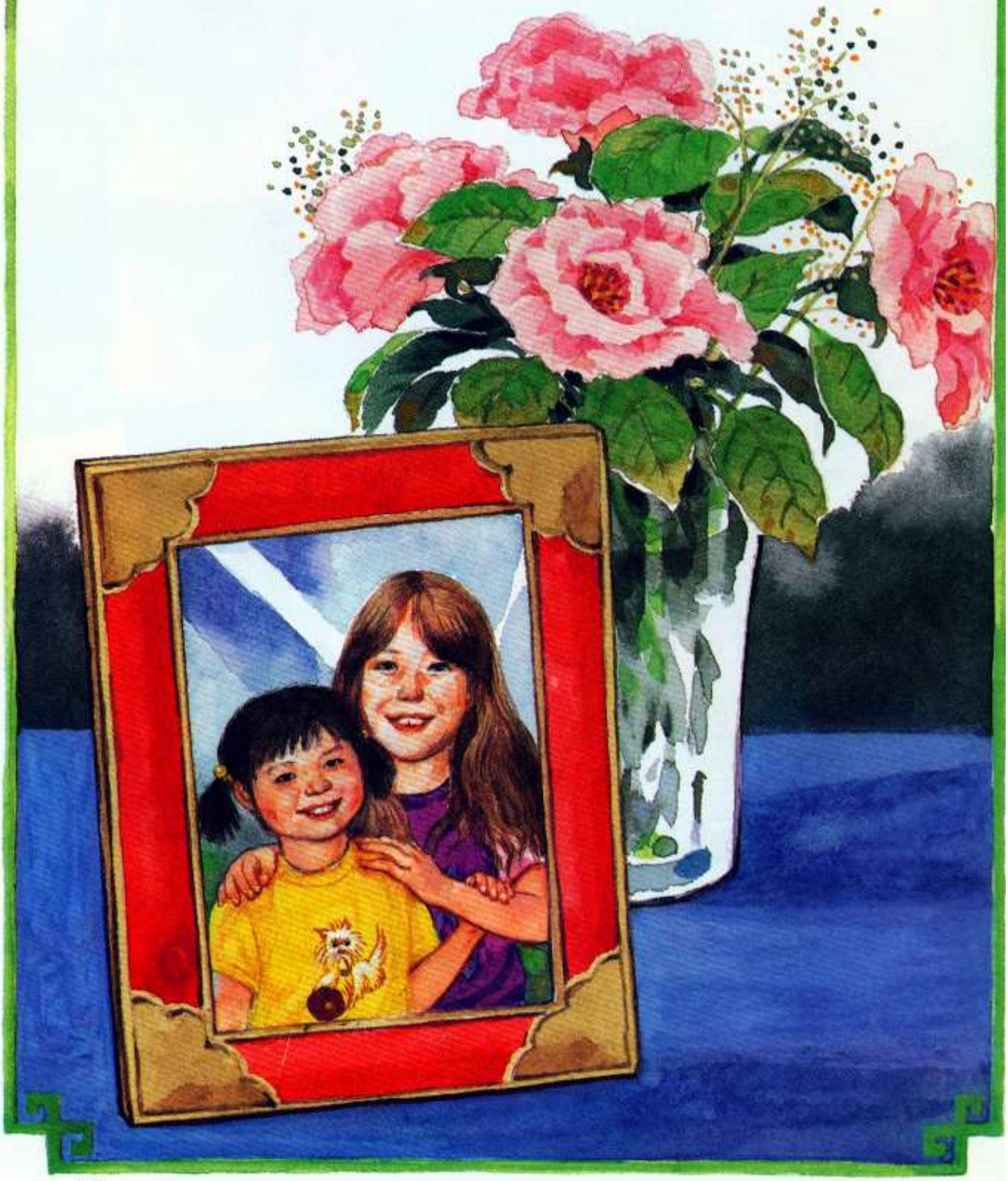
At the end of the year, Ali told me that she was moving to another school. I was sad again because my very best friend was leaving. On the last day of school, we hugged and said good-bye.





In second grade, my English improved a lot. I still had some problems with the language, but I made many new friends.

This year, I am in the third grade, and my English is perfect! I have many friends now, and I'm very happy. But I'll always remember Ali, my first American friend.



The Language of Friendship



At first Sarunna couldn't understand her classmates, and they couldn't understand her. How would you get someone to understand you, if you couldn't use words?

Think of something to tell a partner. Help your partner to understand what you are thinking by acting it out, *not* by speaking. Then switch places. See if you can understand your partner.

Sometimes friendship speaks louder than words!

POETRY CORNER

Award Winner

What Johnny Told Me

I went to play with Billy. He
Threw my cap into a tree.
I threw his glasses in the ditch.
He dipped my shirt in a bucket of pitch.
I hid his shoes in the garbage can.
And then we heard the ice cream man.
So I bought him a cone. He bought
me one.
A true good friend is a lot of fun!

John Ciardi

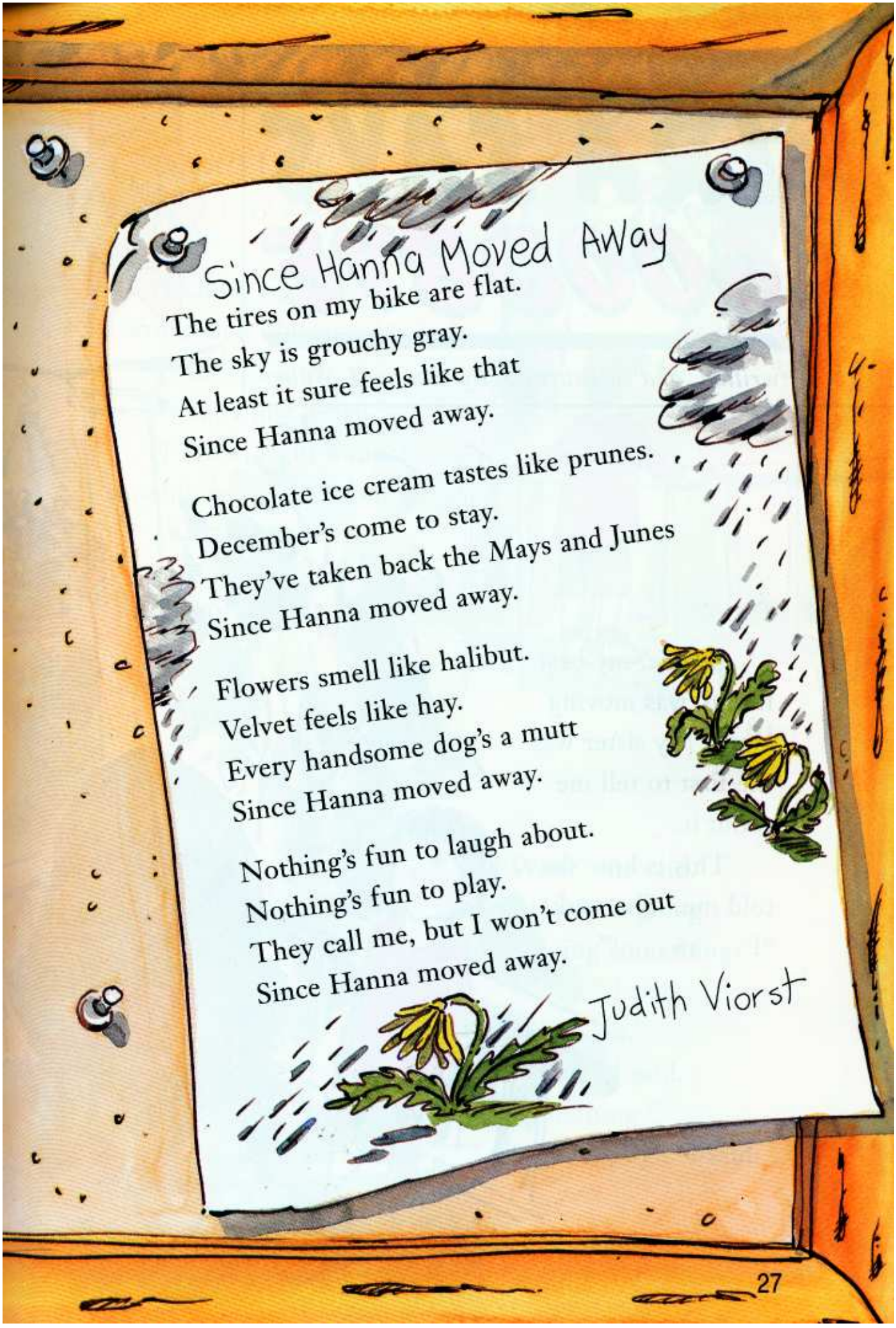


Two Friends

lydia and shirley have
two pierced ears and
two bare ones
five pigtails
two pairs of sneakers
two berets
two smiles
one necklace
one bracelet
lots of stripes and
one good friendship

Nikki Giovanni





Since Hanna Moved Away

The tires on my bike are flat.
The sky is grouchy gray.
At least it sure feels like that
Since Hanna moved away.

Chocolate ice cream tastes like prunes.
December's come to stay.
They've taken back the Mays and Junes
Since Hanna moved away.

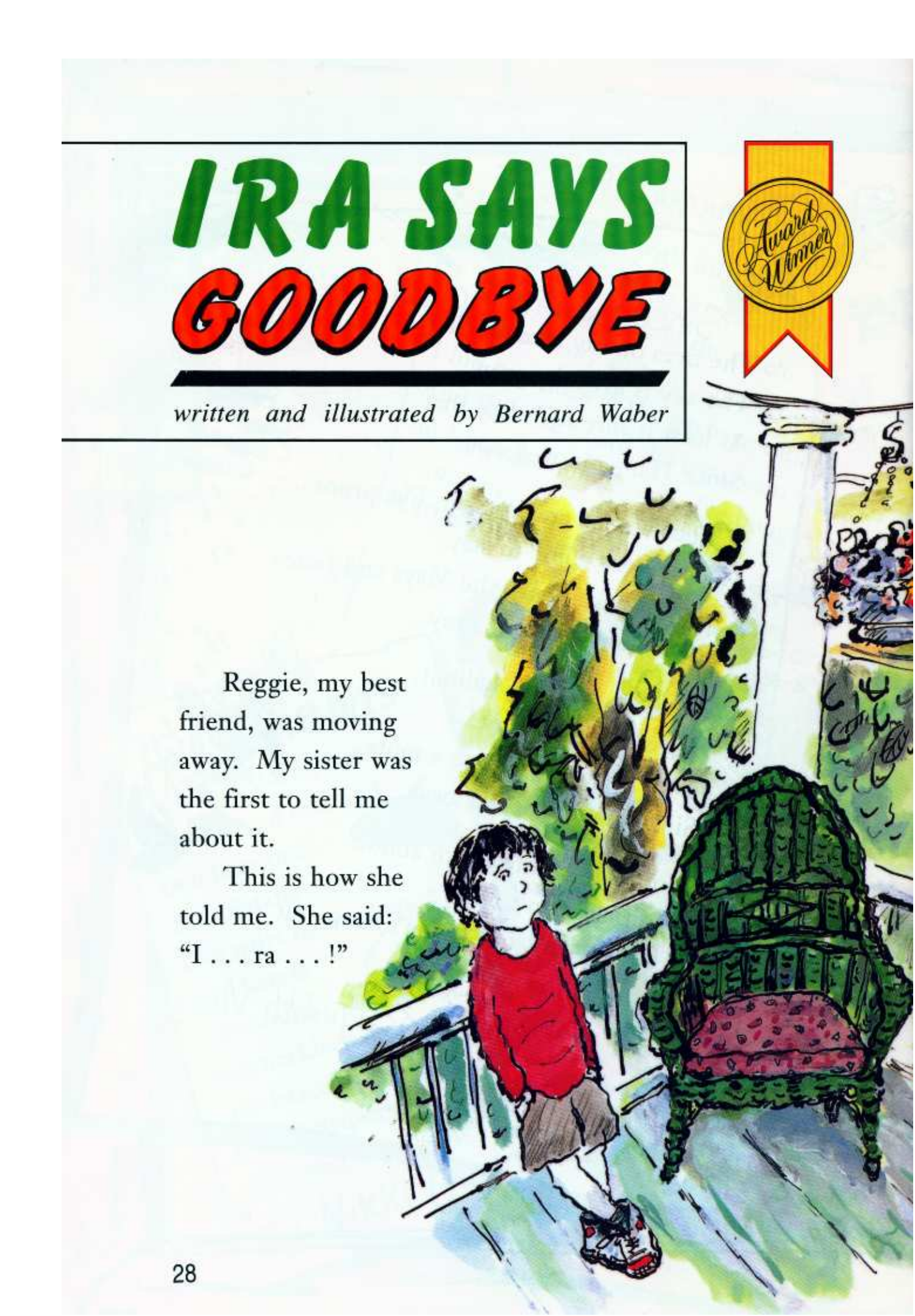
Flowers smell like halibut.
Velvet feels like hay.
Every handsome dog's a mutt
Since Hanna moved away.

Nothing's fun to laugh about.
Nothing's fun to play.
They call me, but I won't come out
Since Hanna moved away.

Judith Viorst

IRA SAYS GOODBYE

written and illustrated by Bernard Waber



Reggie, my best friend, was moving away. My sister was the first to tell me about it.

This is how she told me. She said: "I . . . ra . . . !"

"What?" I said.

"Do I have a surprise for you!"

(I knew, right away, I would hate the surprise.)

"What?" I said.

"What I just heard."

(I knew, right away, I shouldn't say *what* again.)

"What?" I said again.

"Guess," she said.

"GOODBYE!" I said.





"Wait!" she said. "Somebody is going to be doing something."

"What?" I said.

"Real soon."

"What?" I said.

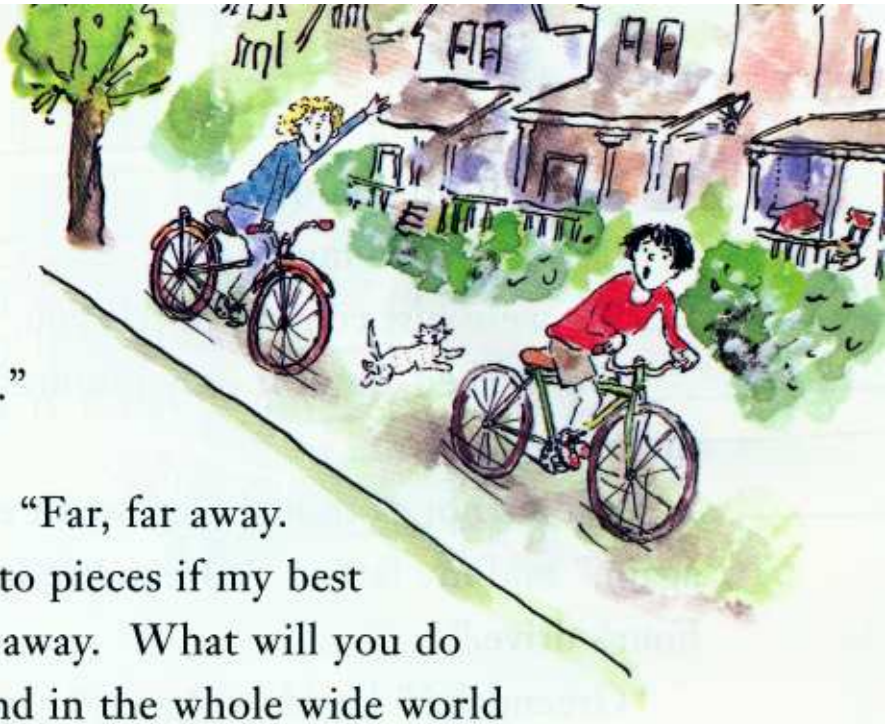
"Something."

"GOODBYE!" I said.

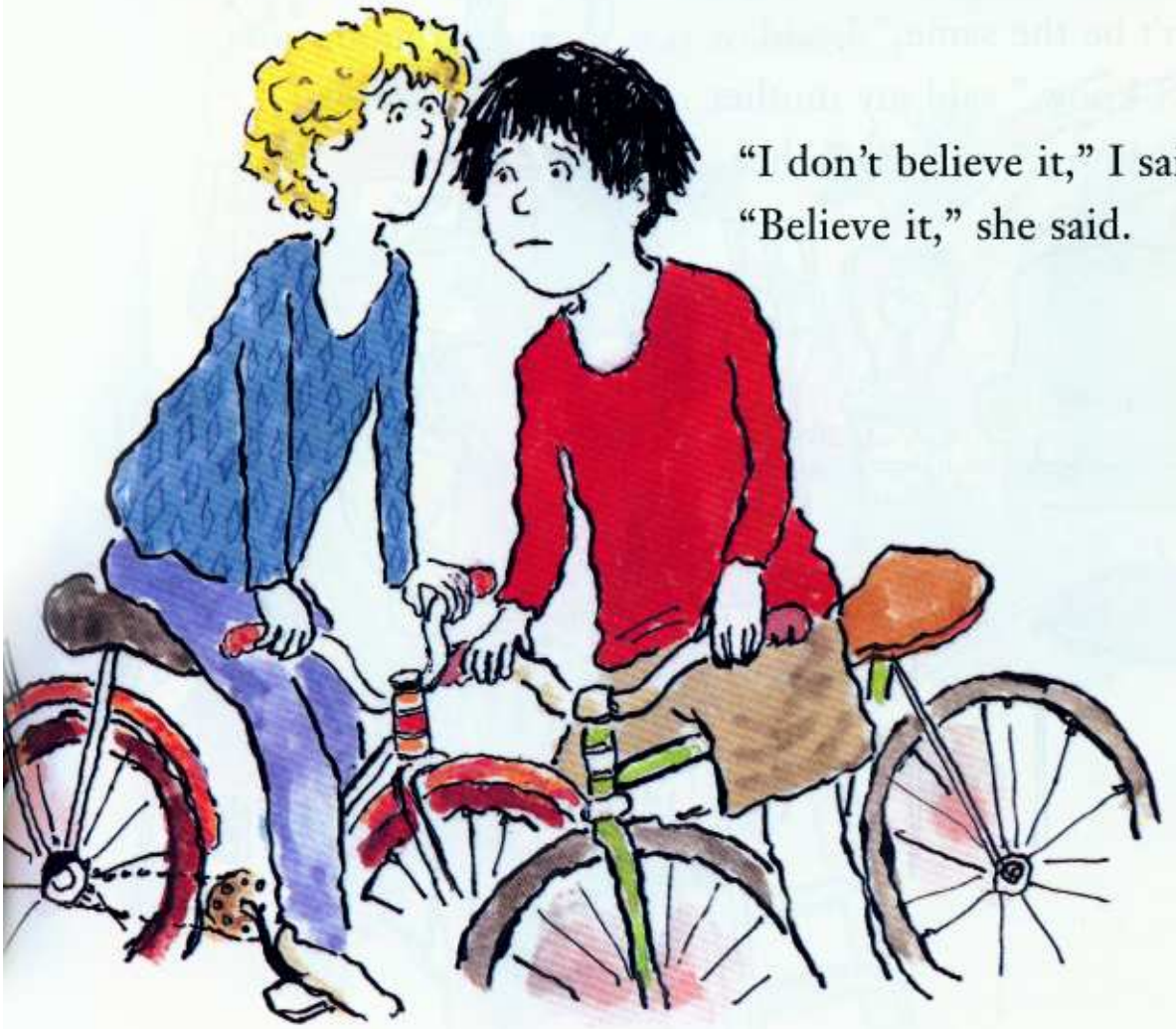


"Wait!" she said.
"Moving," she said.
"Somebody is moving?" I said.
"In two weeks."
"Who?" I said.
"Aren't you going to guess?"
"Whooooooooooo?" I said.
"Not even one little, teenie, tiny guess?"
"GOODBYE!" I said.





"Wait!" she said.
"Reggie!"
"What!" I said.
"Your best friend."
"Is moving?"
"Away," she said. "Far, far away.
Oh, I would hate it to pieces if my best friend were moving away. What will you do when your best friend in the whole wide world moves away? Hmmmmmm?"



"I don't believe it," I said.
"Believe it," she said.

I ran into the house.

"It's true," said my mother.

"We were just coming to tell you," said my father.

"We learned about it only minutes ago," said my mother.

"But it's not as though you won't ever see Reggie again," said my father. "Greendale is only an hour's drive."

"Greendale?" I said.

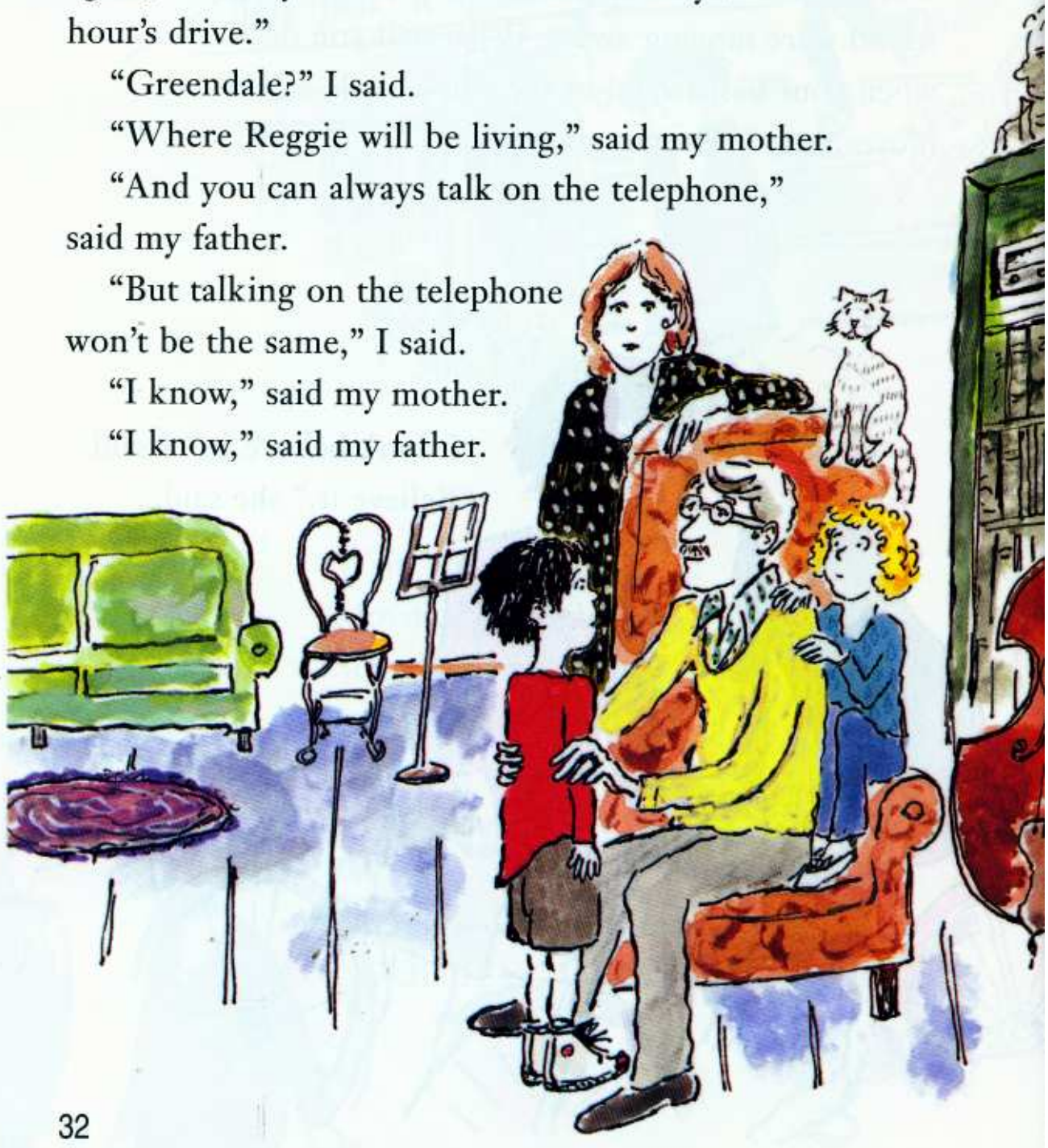
"Where Reggie will be living," said my mother.

"And you can always talk on the telephone," said my father.

"But talking on the telephone won't be the same," I said.

"I know," said my mother.

"I know," said my father.





Reggie, moving! I couldn't believe it. Reggie was my best friend as far back as I could remember.

We had our own tree house and a secret hiding place that only we knew about because it was so secret.





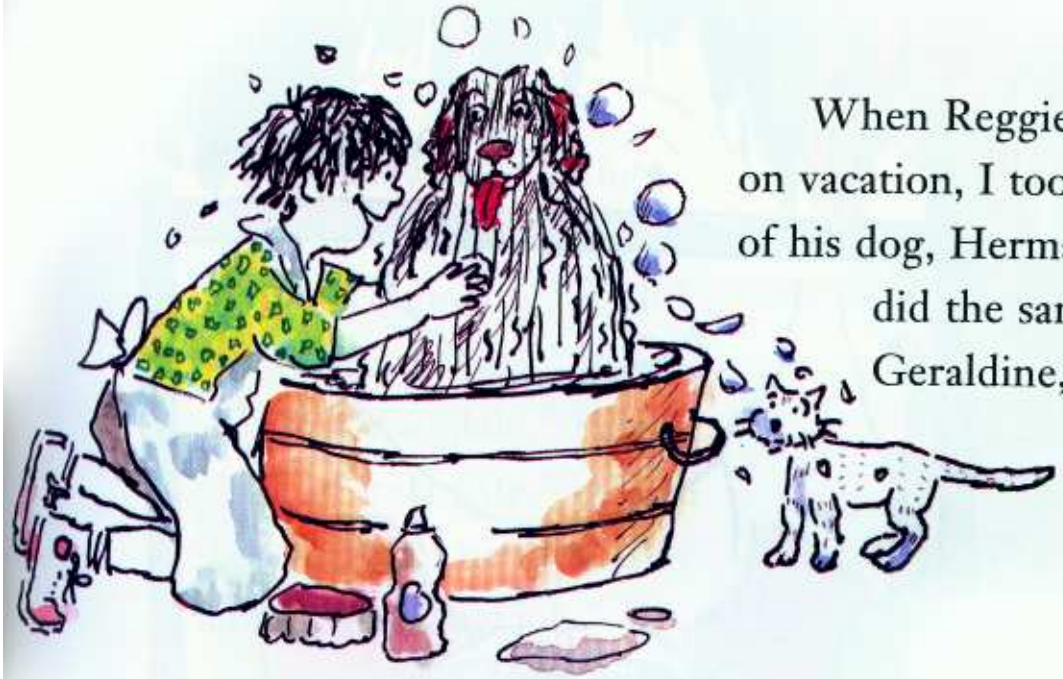
And we had a magic act: the Amazing Reggie and the Fantastic Ira. Everyone came to see us perform.

And we had our own club: The Dolphins. So far, there were only two members — us. But we thought it was a good start.

I went to all of Reggie's birthday parties. And he came to all of mine.

We put our baseball cards together, so that way it would make a bigger pile.





When Reggie was away on vacation, I took care of his dog, Herman. He did the same for Geraldine, my cat.

And when Reggie was sick in the hospital, I sent him a get-well card. I made it myself.

And when I was away, visiting my grandparents in Oregon, Reggie sent me a miss-you card.

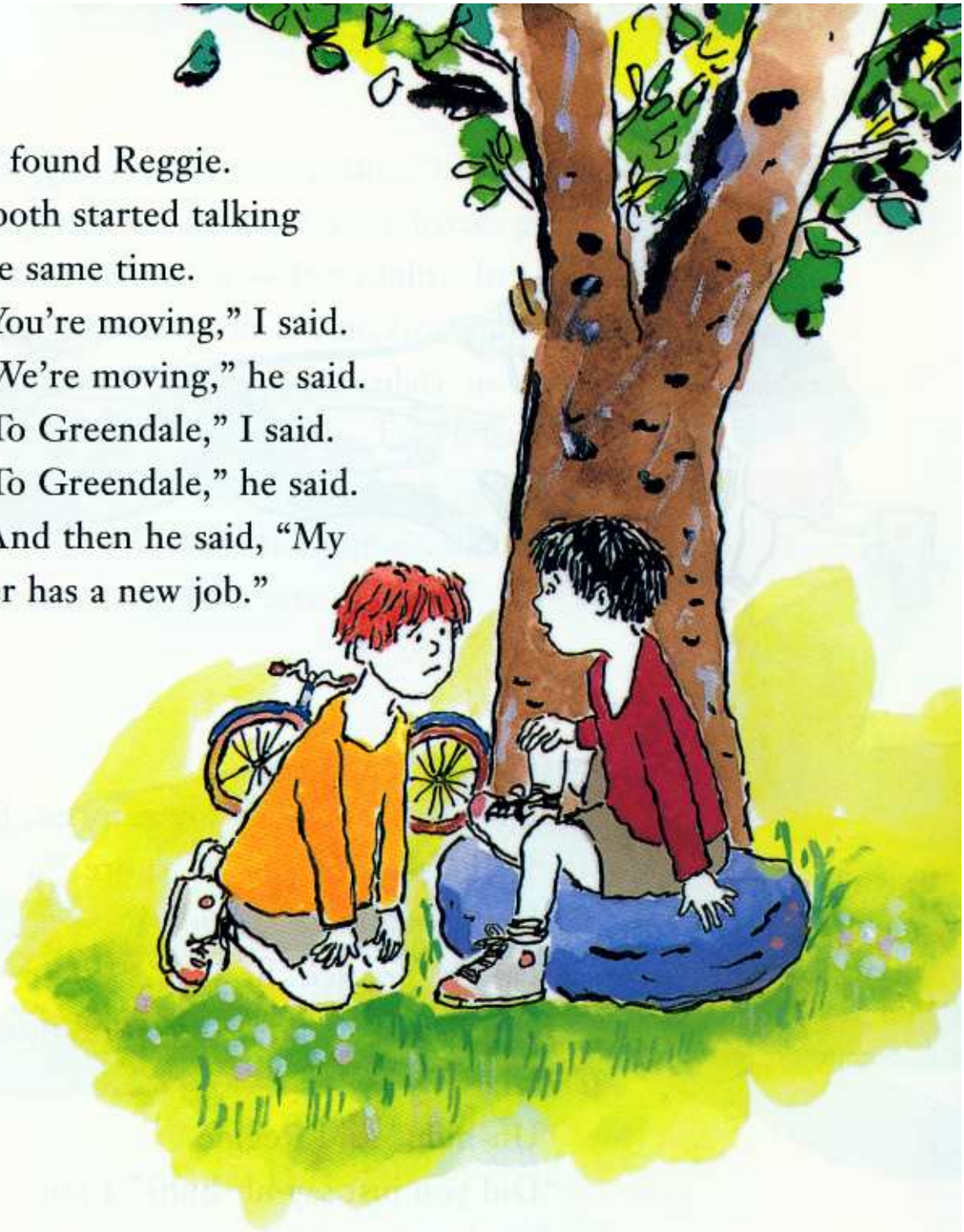




We even put our turtles together in the same tank, so they could be best friends too — like us. My turtle was Felix. His was Oscar.

I decided to go and find Reggie, and tell him how sorry I felt to hear he was moving away.





I found Reggie.
We both started talking
at the same time.
"You're moving," I said.
"We're moving," he said.
"To Greendale," I said.
"To Greendale," he said.
And then he said, "My
father has a new job."

"In Greendale," I said.
Reggie sighed. I sighed too.
"We can still talk on the telephone," I said.
"But that won't be the same," said Reggie.
"I know," I said.



But the next day, to my surprise, Reggie wasn't the same Reggie anymore.

"Isn't it terrible?" I said.

"Isn't it terrific?" he said.

I looked at Reggie. "Did you just say terrific?"

"Uh-huh," said Reggie.

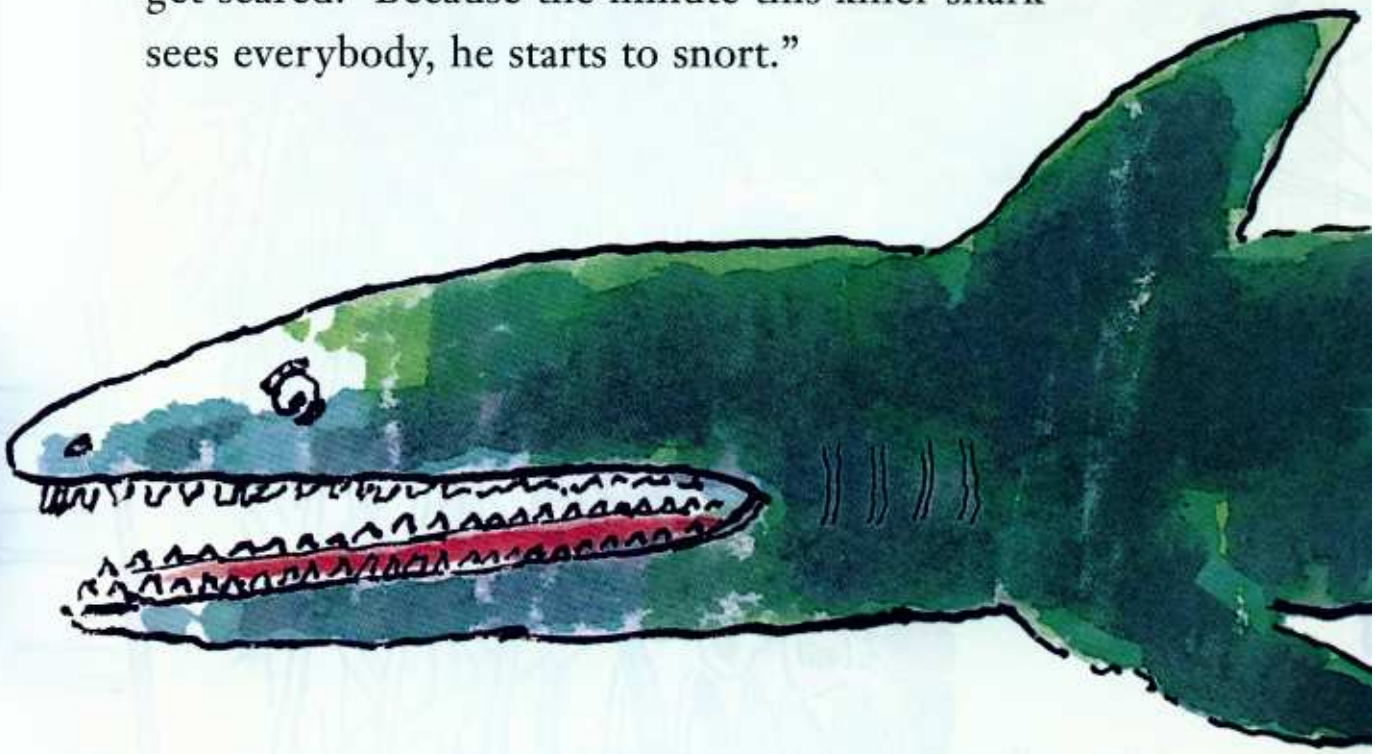
"Did you just say uh-huh?" I said.

"Uh-huh," said Reggie.

I couldn't believe it. I said to Reggie, "When you just said uh-huh, the way you just said uh-huh, did you mean — uh-huh — you're glad you're moving?"

"Uh-huh," said Reggie.

Reggie started to explain: "Greendale is going to be so great," he said. "Great, great, great! My father told me all about it — last night. In Greendale, all people do is have fun. Fun, fun, fun, all of the time. Listen to this: There's this place in Greendale where they keep this killer shark. Every day, people go to this place to see this killer shark — just so they can get scared. Because the minute this killer shark sees everybody, he starts to snort."



"Sharks snort?" I said.

"This one snorts," said Reggie. "And he makes killer shark faces at everybody, because that's what killer sharks love best to do, make ugly, scary killer shark faces at people. Isn't that great!"

"And do you know what else about Greendale?" said Reggie. "There's this park, with games and thriller rides. And all people do all day, in Greendale, is play these games, and scream their heads off riding these thriller rides — and watch fireworks Saturday nights. Isn't that great!"



"And do you know what else about Greendale?" said Reggie. "There's this lake, with swans and ducks, and cute little baby swans and ducks too. And the minute these swans and ducks see you coming, they just scoot right up to you, just so you can feed them. Isn't that great!"



"And the people in Greendale are so friendly," said Reggie. "All they do, all day long, is go around smiling. Smiling, smiling, smiling, all of the time. They just never get tired of smiling. And they give you this big hello, no matter how many times they see you. Even if they see you two hundred times a day, they'll stop and say hello. Isn't that great!"

"People here are friendly," I said. "Some are even best friends."

But Reggie just went on talking about Greendale, as if he had never heard about best friends.



"Oh, I almost forgot the most terrific part," said Reggie, "the part about my Uncle Steve. He plays football for the Greendale Tigers, you know. And I'll be seeing him every day. And he's going to teach me to kick and pass, so that when I grow up, I'll play football for the Greendale Tigers too. Isn't that great!"

Reggie looked at me. "Isn't that great!" he said again.

"Uh-huh," I said.

Day after day, Reggie had new stories to tell about Greendale. He never seemed to want to do any of our old things anymore, like going up to the tree house or performing the magic act. He even took back his top hat, cape, and wand, which were kept at the secret hiding place. And while he was at it, he took his baseball cards. It was as if Reggie had already moved away.



One day, Reggie came by to take back Oscar, his turtle. It was my turn to keep the tank.

"But Felix and Oscar are friends," I said. "They're used to being together."



"They're only turtles," said Reggie.

"Turtles have feelings," I said. "And nobody can explain to a turtle why his friend isn't with him anymore."

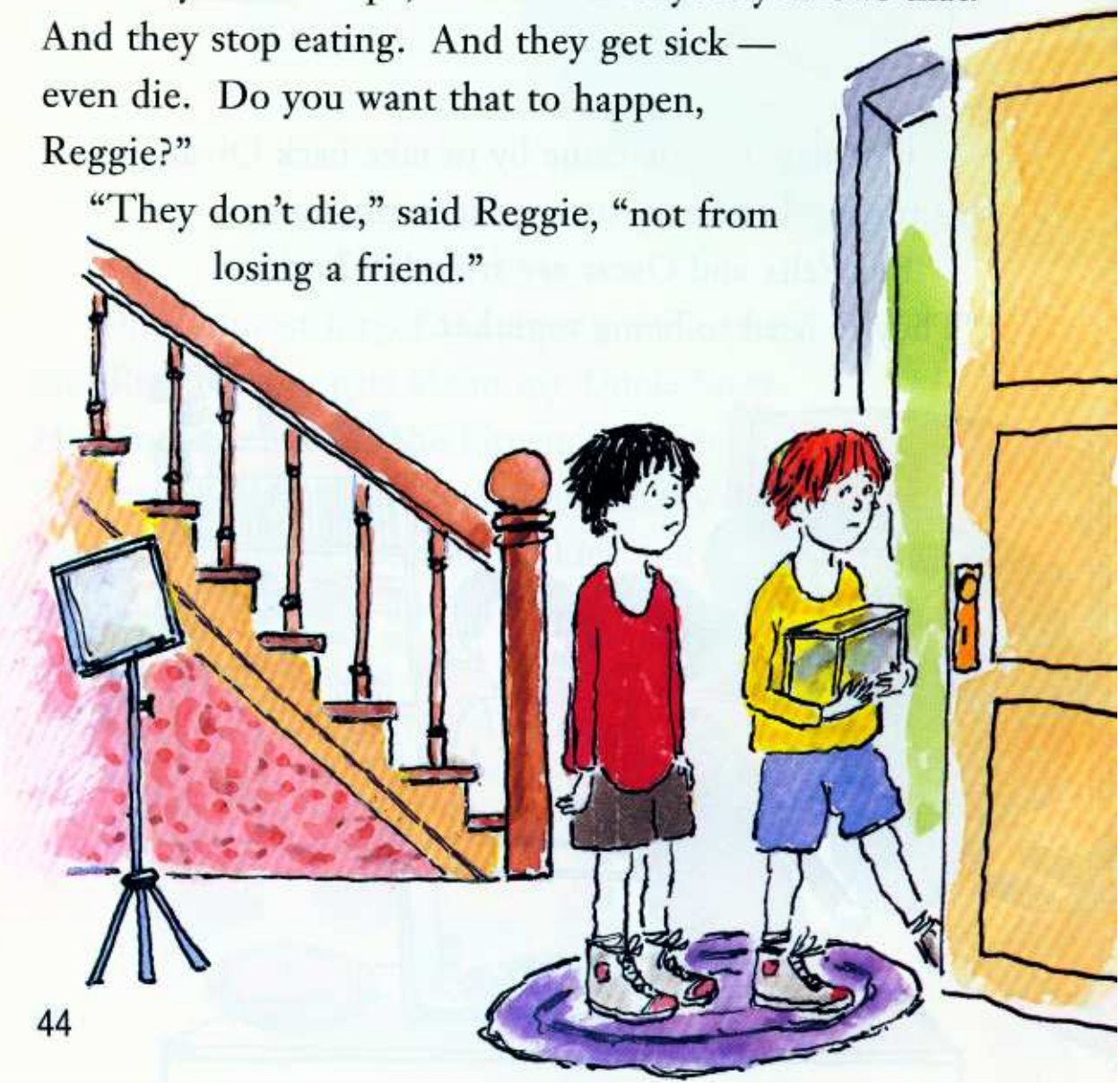
"Nothing bothers turtles," said Reggie.

"Turtles are bothered. They're bothered a whole lot," I said. "Turtles get lonely. And they get sad — especially if a friend is taken away. And they start to mope."

"Turtles do not mope," said Reggie.

"They do so mope," I said. "Everybody knows that. And they stop eating. And they get sick — even die. Do you want that to happen, Reggie?"

"They don't die," said Reggie, "not from losing a friend."



"They do, too, die," I said. "Everybody knows that about turtles. Everybody who isn't stupid knows that."

"I'm taking Oscar," said Reggie.

"Then take Felix, too," I said.

Reggie looked at me. "Do you mean it?" he said.

"Uh-huh," I said.

And that's just what happened. Reggie walked out with Oscar — and Felix.

Maybe I shouldn't have said that part about being stupid. But sometimes Reggie gets to me. Sometimes Reggie really gets to me. Like whenever I call Reggie on the telephone, and I say to him, "What are you doing?" He always says, "Talking to you" — like I didn't know he was talking to me. I can't tell you how many times he pulled that one.





Do you want to know something else about Reggie? When Reggie eats lunch, he always laughs with his mouth wide open, and with all that yuckie food showing. I hate that about Reggie.

And Reggie doesn't care one bit about friends. He really doesn't. He didn't care one bit how lonely Felix and Oscar would feel without each other.

Do you want to know something? I just hope some new kid moves into Reggie's old house; some new kid who will be my best friend; some new kid who won't always be bragging about his uncle the football player.

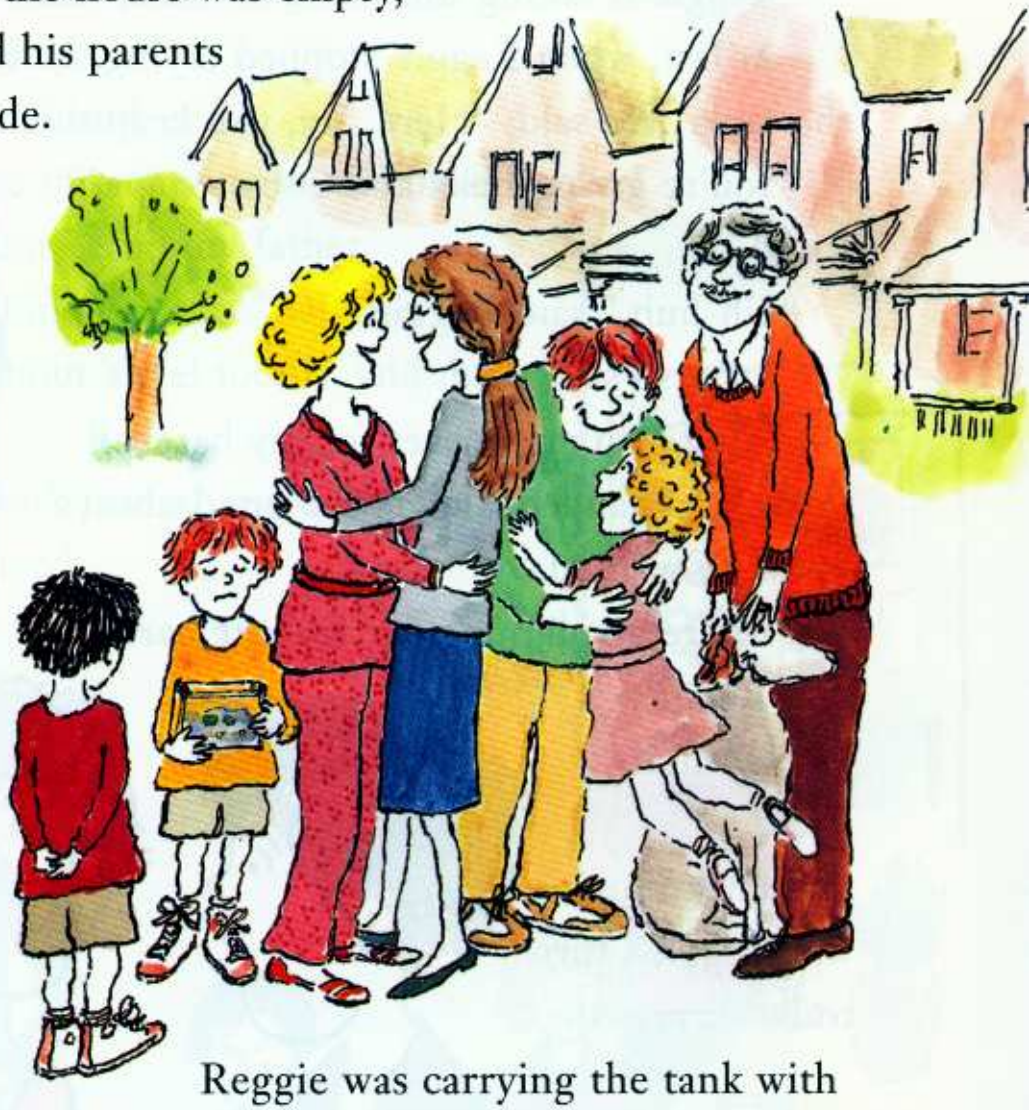
Do you want to know something else? I can't wait for Reggie to move.

Do you want to know something else? I will jump for joy the day Reggie moves away.



I didn't have to wait long. One day, a big van pulled up to Reggie's house. I watched as the men carried everything out of the house.

When the house was empty, Reggie and his parents came outside.



Reggie was carrying the tank with Felix and Oscar in it. My parents and sister were there too. Everyone hugged and said goodbye — everyone except Reggie and me.

"Aren't you two going to say goodbye?" said Reggie's mother.

Suddenly, Reggie burst out crying and couldn't stop. He cried and cried, and no amount of patting seemed to help.

"Reggie is taking this move so hard," said his father.

At last, when Reggie stopped crying, he handed me the tank. He said, "Here, Ira, you keep them."

"You're giving Felix and Oscar to me?" I said.

"Uh-huh," said Reggie.

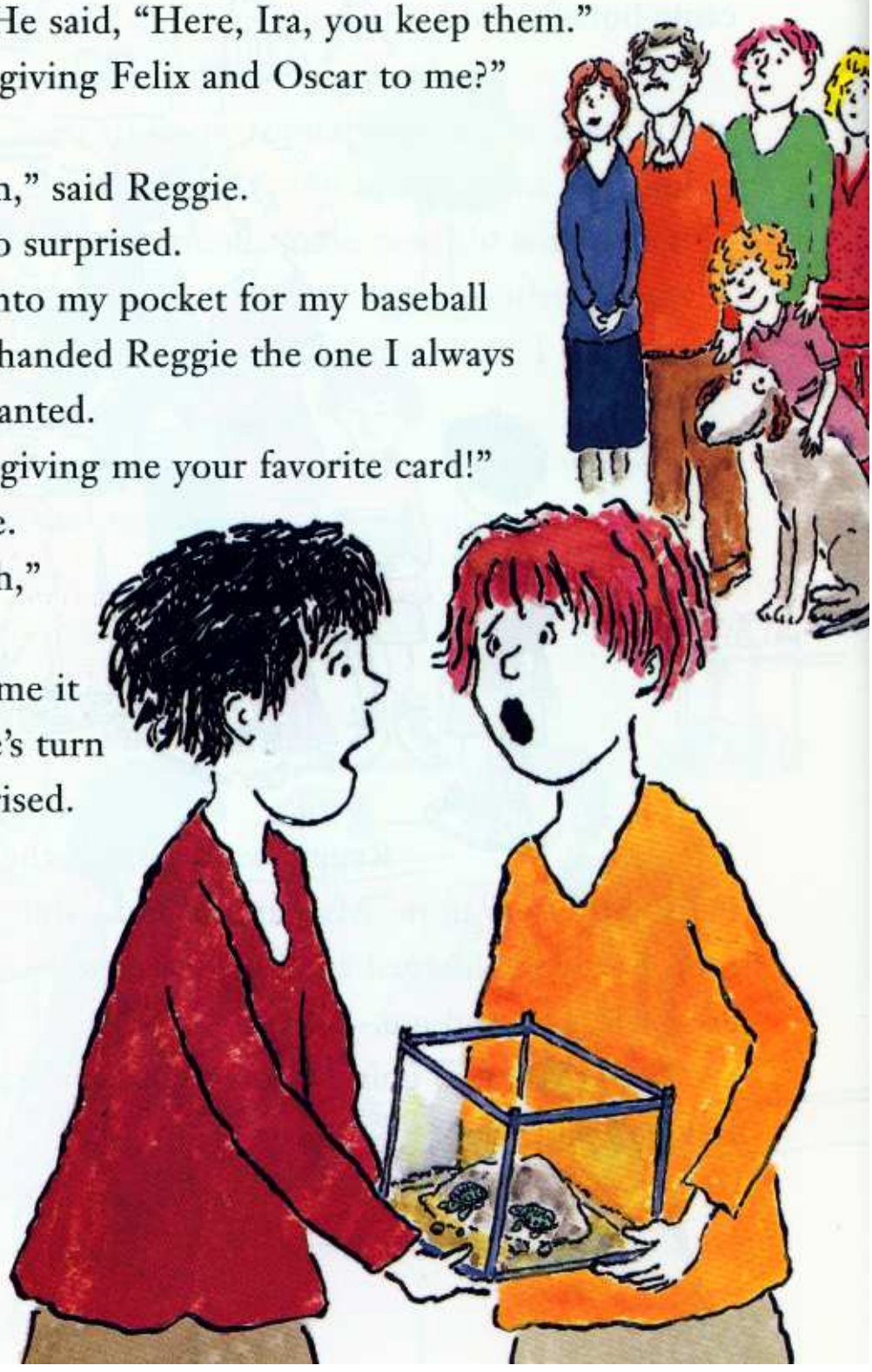
I was so surprised.

I dug into my pocket for my baseball cards, and handed Reggie the one I always knew he wanted.

"You're giving me your favorite card!" said Reggie.

"Uh-huh," I said.

This time it was Reggie's turn to be surprised.



We all waved goodbye as Reggie and his parents drove away. When their car disappeared, we looked at each other. Everyone was sad.

"There's only one thing to do at a time like this," said my mother.

"What?" I said.

"Let's go into the house and bake a cake."

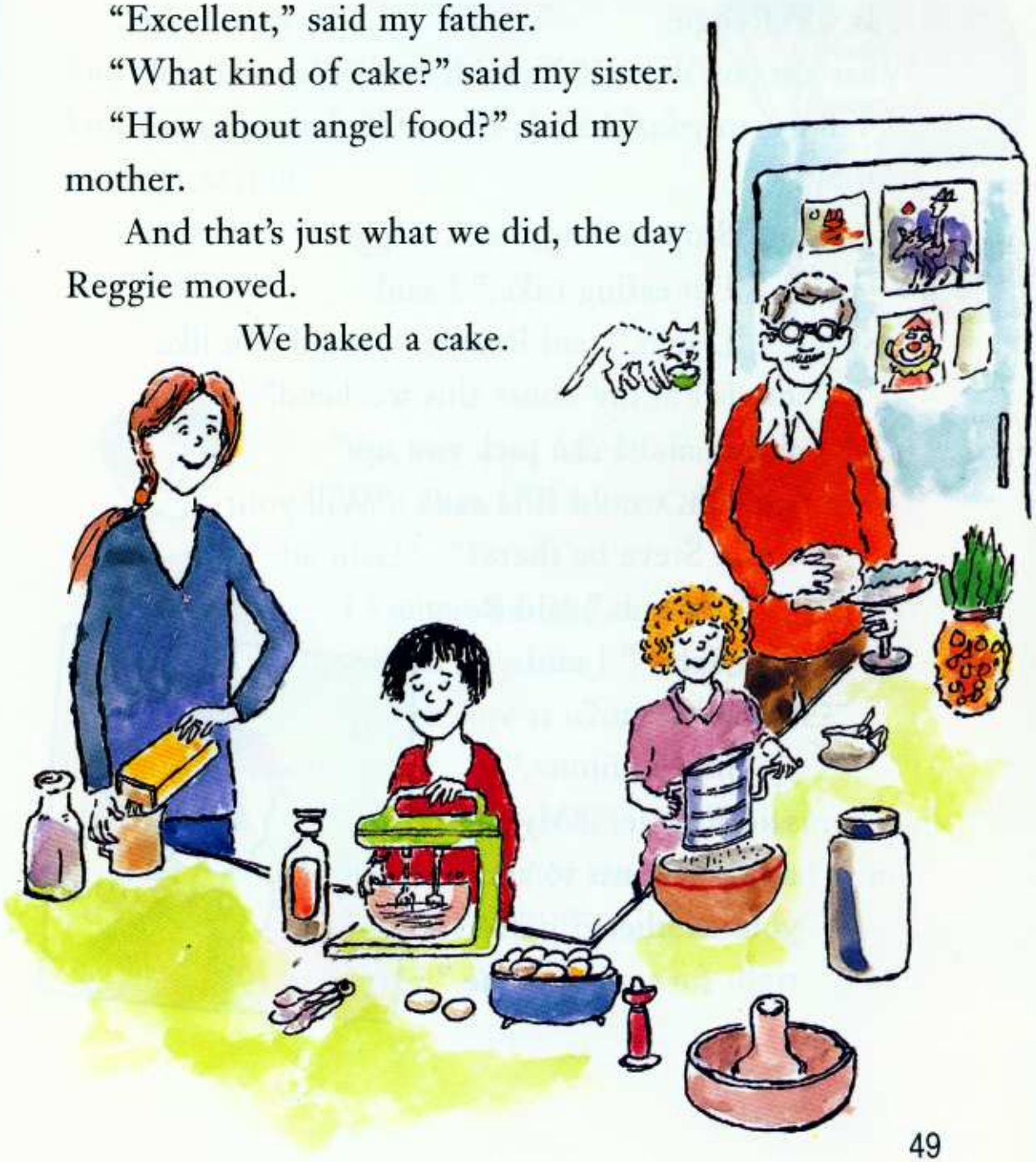
"Excellent," said my father.

"What kind of cake?" said my sister.

"How about angel food?" said my mother.

And that's just what we did, the day Reggie moved.

We baked a cake.





That night, the telephone rang. "It's for you, Ira," said my father.

It was Reggie. "What are you doing?" he said.

"Talking to you," I said.

"Stop fooling," said Reggie.

"I'm eating cake," I said.

"Listen," said Reggie, "would you like to visit at my house this weekend? My father and I can pick you up."

"Oh, would I!" I said. "Will your uncle Steve be there?"

"Uh-huh," said Reggie.

"Great!" I said. "I can't wait."

"Just a minute," said Reggie. "My mother wants to ask your mother if it's all right for you to come."



My mother got on the telephone.
"Say yes," I whispered.

"Yes . . . I mean . . . hello!
Oh, hello, Ellie!"

Ellie is Reggie's mother.

"How are things?" said my mother.

"Say yes," I whispered.

My mother said, "Uh-huh."
And then she said some more "uh-huhs."
And then she said, "Yes. Yes, yes, yes,"
she kept saying.





Yes, yes, yes, I kept shaking my head.

And then she said, "Oh, won't that be nice!"

I knew what she meant by "nice."
"It will be very nice," I whispered.

"You're sure it won't be trouble?"
she said.

"It won't be trouble," I shook my head.

"Saturday." My mother looked at me hugging myself. "I know he'll be delighted," she said.

My mother hung up. "Guess what?" she said.

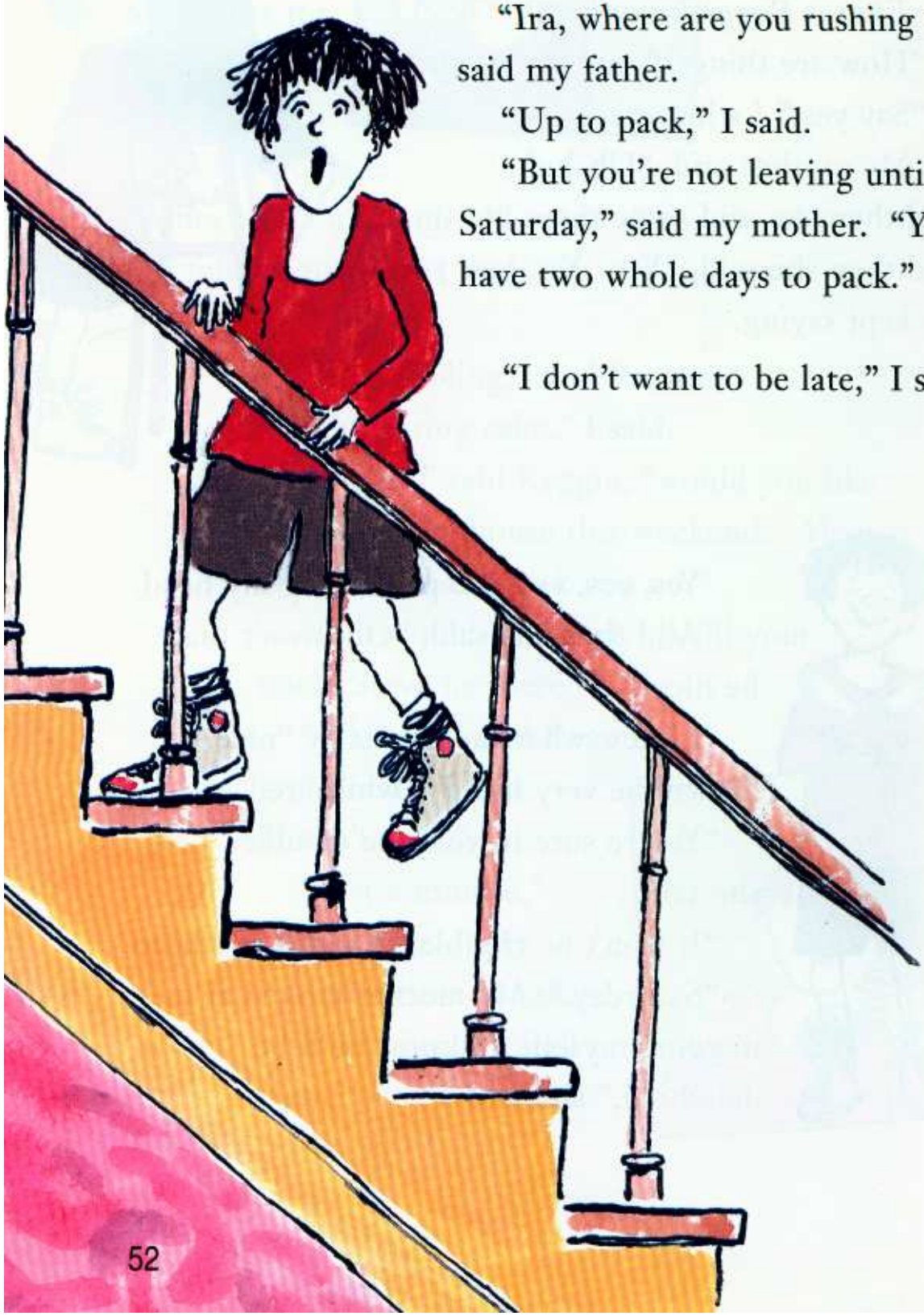
"I'm invited to Reggie's house," I called out, as I ran up the stairs.

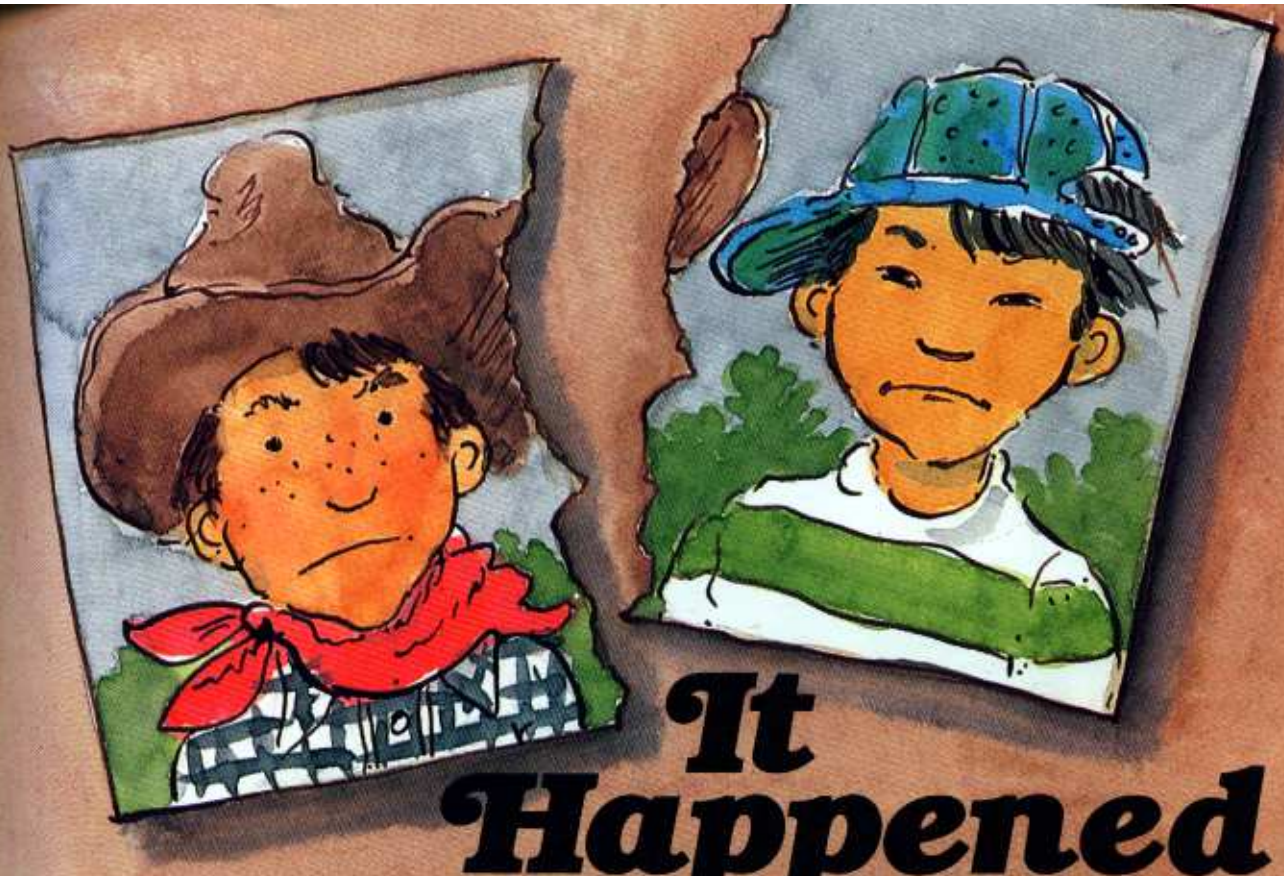
"Ira, where are you rushing to?" said my father.

"Up to pack," I said.

"But you're not leaving until Saturday," said my mother. "You have two whole days to pack."

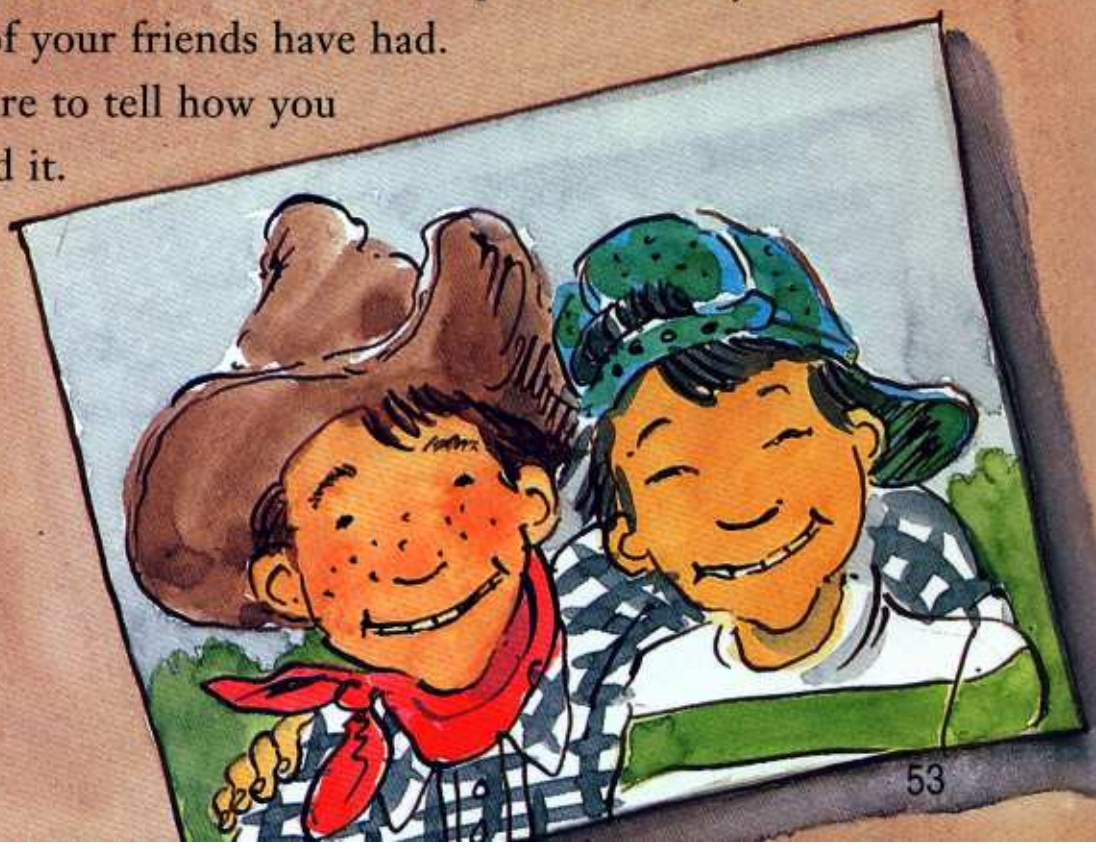
"I don't want to be late," I said.



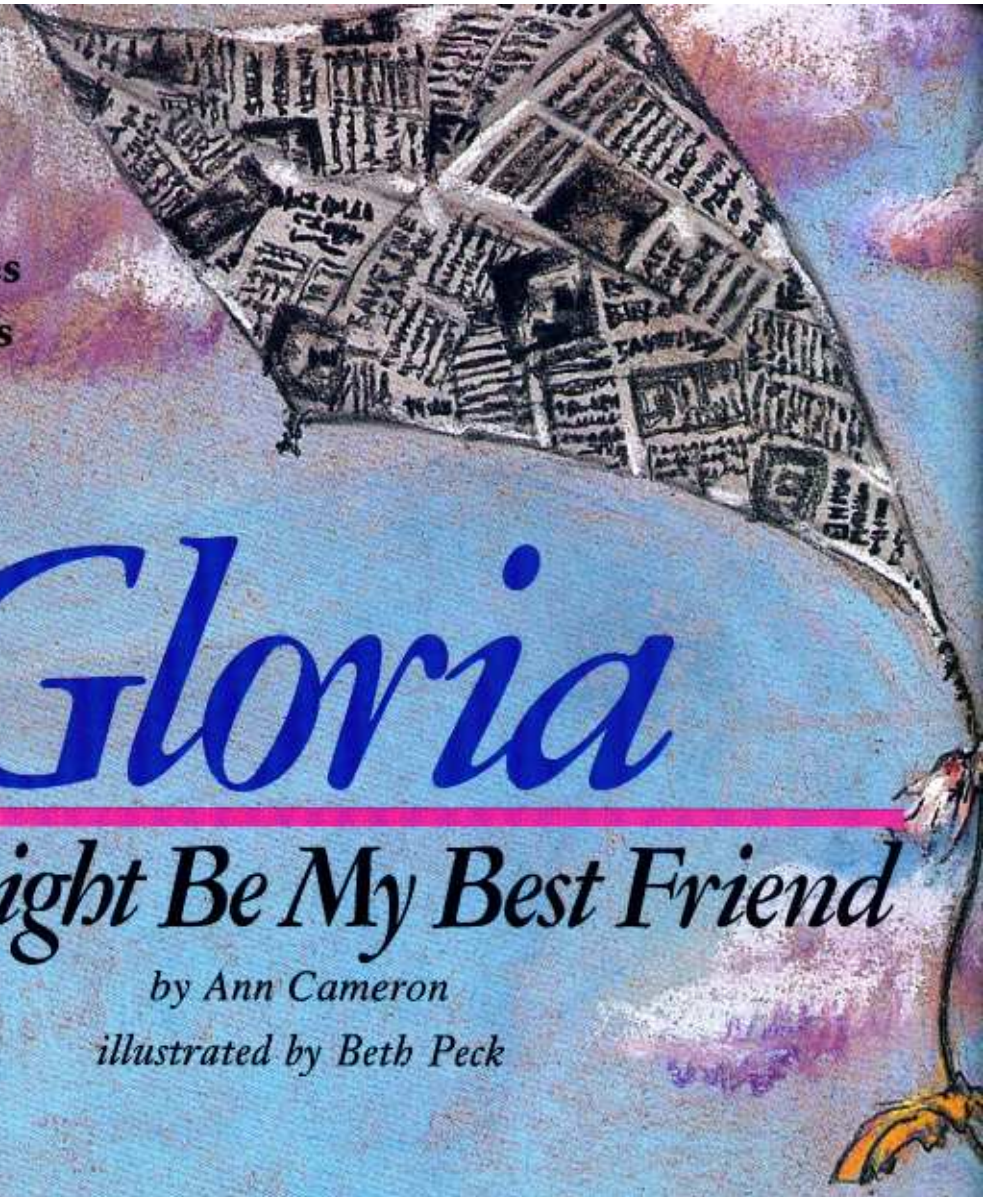


It Happened to Me

Even best friends can have problems. Ira had a problem because his best friend was moving away. Write a few sentences about a problem that you and one of your friends have had. Be sure to tell how you solved it.



from
The Stories Julian Tells

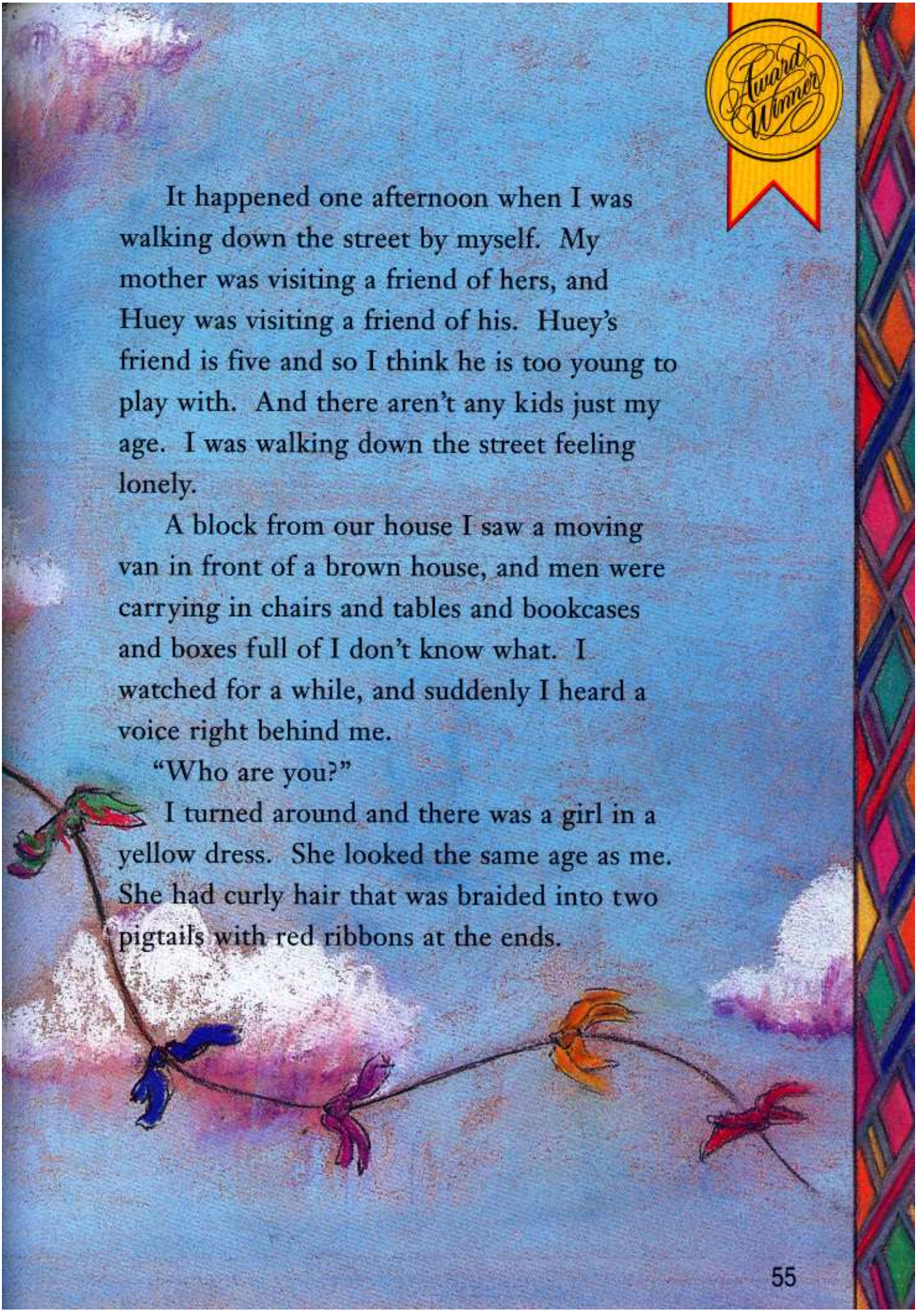


Gloria

Who Might Be My Best Friend

by Ann Cameron
illustrated by Beth Peck

If you have a girl for a friend, people find out and tease you. That's why I didn't want a girl for a friend — not until this summer, when I met Gloria.



It happened one afternoon when I was walking down the street by myself. My mother was visiting a friend of hers, and Huey was visiting a friend of his. Huey's friend is five and so I think he is too young to play with. And there aren't any kids just my age. I was walking down the street feeling lonely.

A block from our house I saw a moving van in front of a brown house, and men were carrying in chairs and tables and bookcases and boxes full of I don't know what. I watched for a while, and suddenly I heard a voice right behind me.

"Who are you?"

I turned around and there was a girl in a yellow dress. She looked the same age as me. She had curly hair that was braided into two pigtails with red ribbons at the ends.

"I'm Julian," I said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Gloria," she said. "I come from Newport. Do you know where Newport is?"

I wasn't sure, but I didn't tell Gloria. "It's a town on the ocean," I said.

"Right," Gloria said. "Can you turn a cartwheel?"

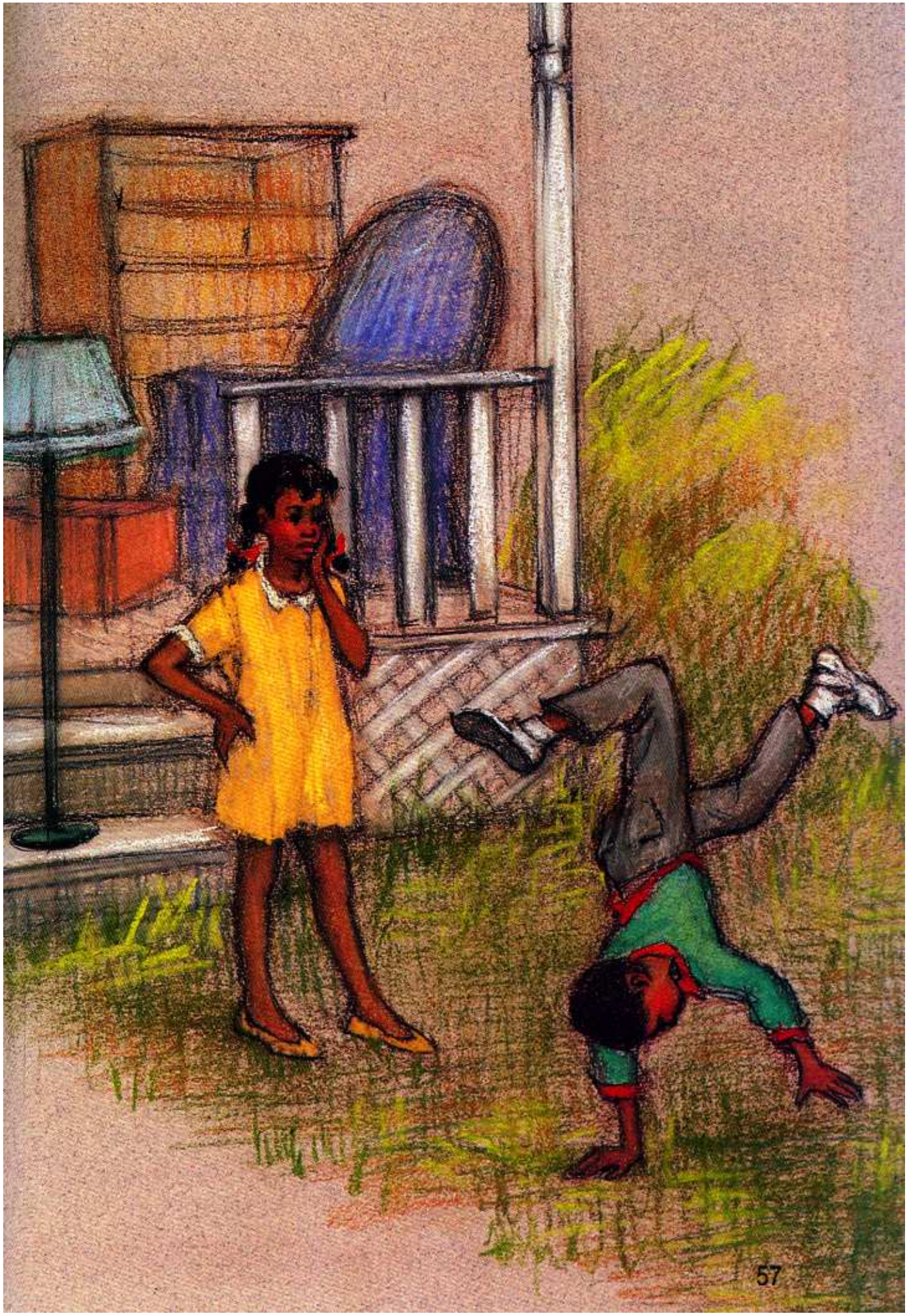
She turned sideways herself and did two cartwheels on the grass.

I had never tried a cartwheel before, but I tried to copy Gloria. My hands went down in the grass, my feet went up in the air, and — I fell over.

I looked at Gloria to see if she was laughing at me. If she was laughing at me, I was going to go home and forget about her.

But she just looked at me very seriously and said, "It takes practice," and then I liked her.

"I know where there's a bird's nest in your yard," I said.



"Really?" Gloria said. "There weren't any trees in the yard, or any birds, where I lived before."

I showed her where a robin lives and has eggs. Gloria stood up on a branch and looked in. The eggs were small and pale blue. The mother robin squawked at us, and she and the father robin flew around our heads.

"They want us to go away," Gloria said. She got down from the branch, and we went around to the front of the house and watched the moving men carry two rugs and a mirror inside.

"Would you like to come over to my house?" I said.

"All right," Gloria said, "if it is all right with my mother." She ran in the house and asked.

It was all right, so Gloria and I went to my house, and I showed her my room and my games and my rock collection, and then I made strawberry punch and we sat at the kitchen table and drank it.



"You have a red mustache on your mouth," Gloria said.

"You have a red mustache on your mouth, too," I said.

Gloria giggled, and we licked off the mustaches with our tongues.

"I wish you'd live here a long time," I told Gloria.

Gloria said, "I wish I would too.

"I know the best way to make wishes," Gloria said.



"What's that?" I asked.

"First you make a kite. Do you know how to make one?"

"Yes," I said, "I know how." I know how to make good kites because my father taught me. We make them out of two crossed sticks and folded newspaper.

"All right," Gloria said, "that's the first part of making wishes that come true. So let's make a kite."

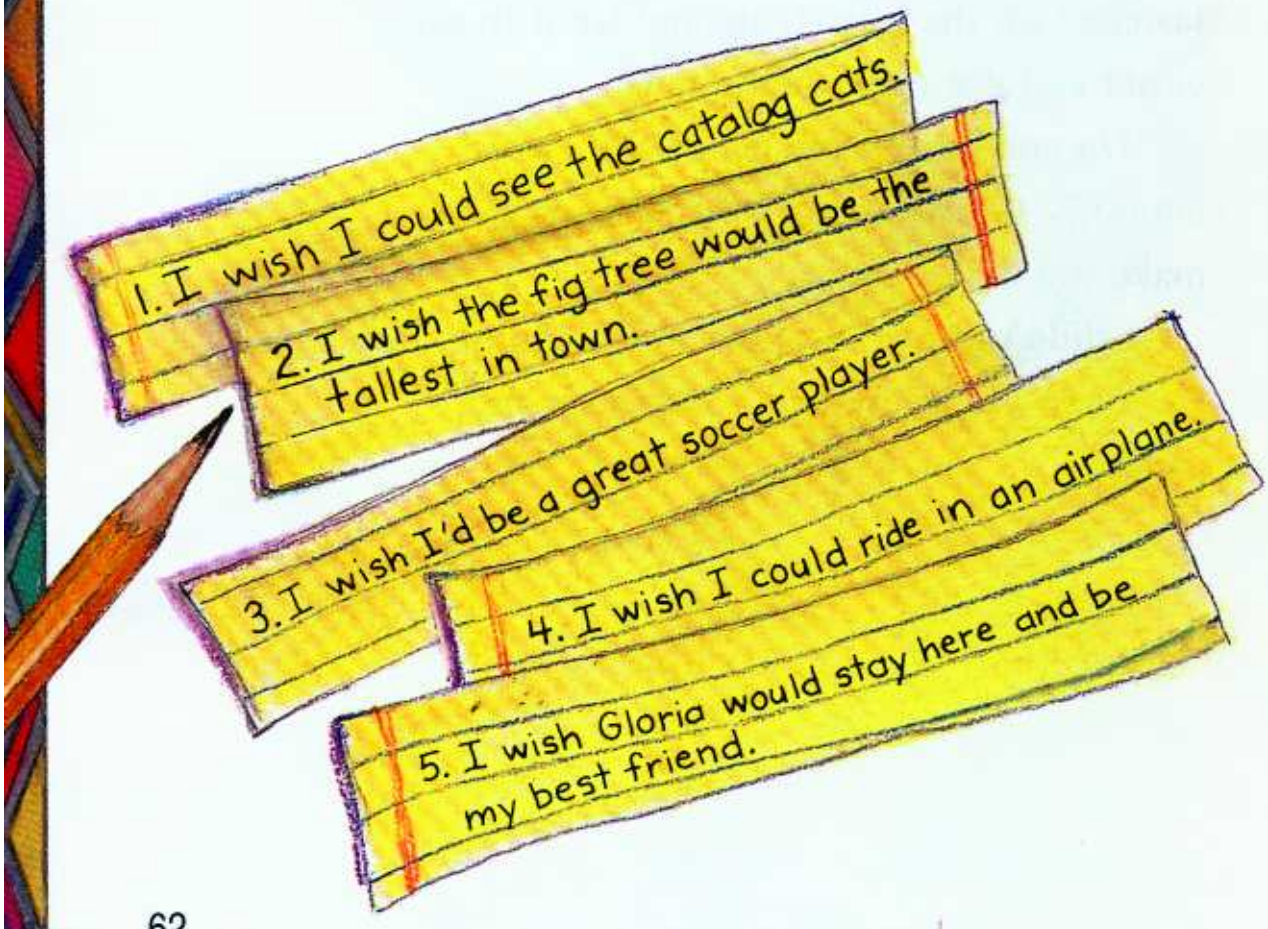
We went out into the garage and spread out sticks and newspaper and made a kite. I fastened on the kite string and went to the closet and got rags for the tail.

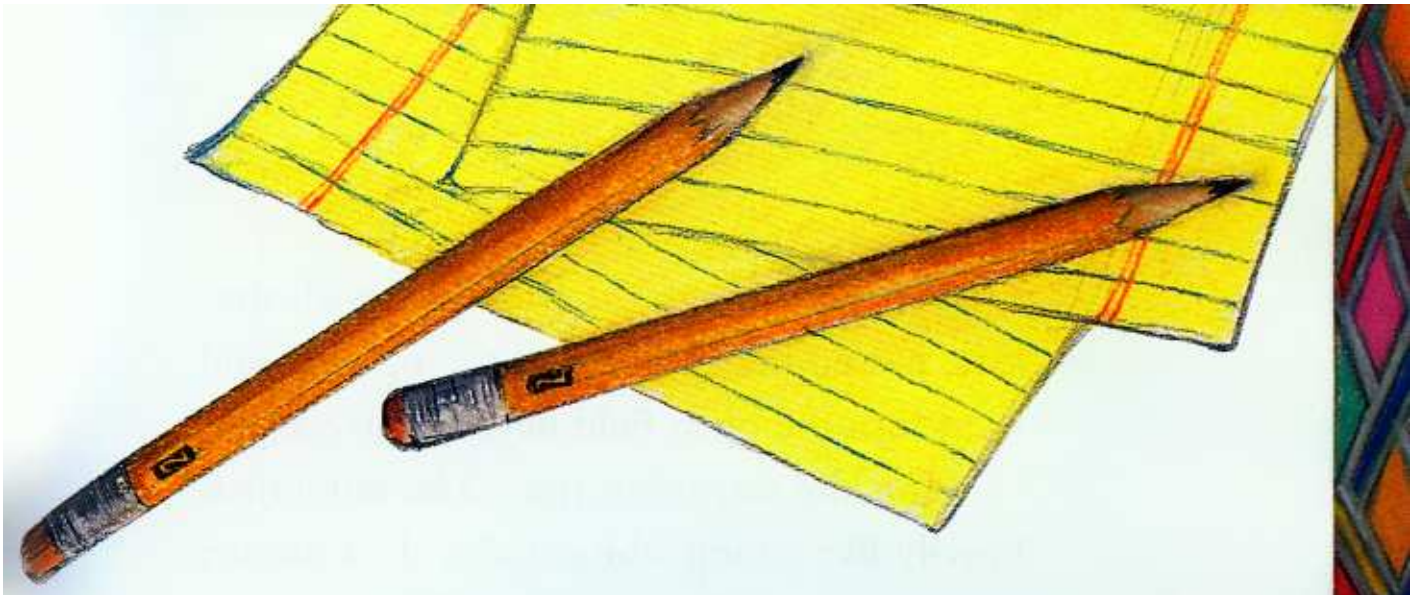
"Do you have some paper and two pencils?" Gloria asked. "Because now we make the wishes."

I didn't know what she was planning, but I went in the house and got pencils and paper.

"All right," Gloria said. "Every wish you want to have come true you write on a long thin piece of paper. You don't tell me your wishes, and I don't tell you mine. If you tell, your wishes don't come true. Also, if you look at the other person's wishes, your wishes don't come true."

Gloria sat down on the garage floor and started writing her wishes. I wanted to see what they were — but I went to the other side of the garage and wrote my own wishes instead. I wrote:





I folded my five wishes in my fist and went over to Gloria.

"How many wishes did you make?" Gloria asked.

"Five," I said. "How many did you make?"

"Two," Gloria said.

I wondered what they were.

"Now we put the wishes on the tail of the kite," Gloria said. "Every time we tie one piece of rag on the tail, we fasten a wish in the knot. You can put yours in first."

I fastened mine in, and then Gloria fastened in hers, and we carried the kite into the yard.

"You hold the tail," I told Gloria, "and I'll pull."

We ran through the back yard with the kite, passed the garden and the fig tree, and went into the open field beyond our yard.

The kite started to rise. The tail jerked heavily like a long white snake. In a minute the kite passed the roof of my house and was climbing toward the sun.

We stood in the open field, looking up at it. I was wishing I would get my wishes.

"I know it's going to work!" Gloria said.

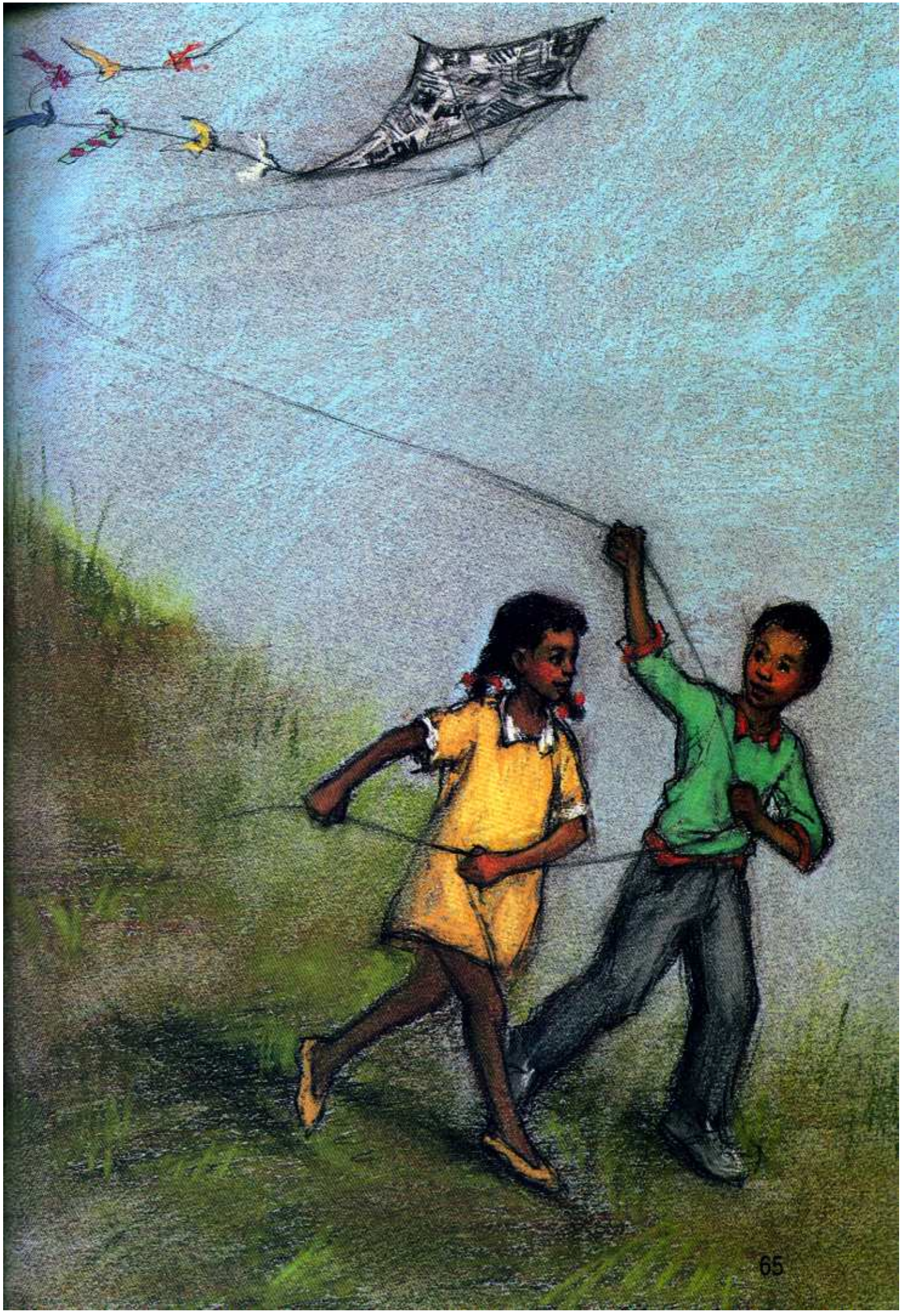
"How do you know?"

"When we take the kite down," Gloria told me, "there shouldn't be one wish in the tail. When the wind takes all your wishes, that's when you know it's going to work."

The kite stayed up for a long time. We both held the string. The kite looked like a tiny black spot in the sun, and my neck got stiff from looking at it.

"Shall we pull it in?" I asked.

"All right," Gloria said.



We drew the string in more and more until, like a tired bird, the kite fell at our feet.

We looked at the tail. All our wishes were gone. Probably they were still flying higher and higher in the wind.

Maybe I would see the catalog cats and get to be a good soccer player and have a ride in an airplane and the tallest fig tree in town. And Gloria would be my best friend.

"Gloria," I said, "did you wish we would be friends?"

"You're not supposed to ask me that!" Gloria said.

"I'm sorry," I answered. But inside I was smiling. I guessed one thing Gloria wished for. I was pretty sure we would be friends.



DON'T TELL YOUR WISHES, WHATEVER YOU DO. THEN MAYBE YOUR WISHES WILL ALL COME TRUE!

MY WISH KITE

Make a wish kite with one of your friends.

Here are the things you will need:

- a large piece of colored paper
- six small pieces of paper
- tape, scissors
- a long piece of string
- a pencil and crayons



First draw a kite on the large piece of paper. Then cut out the kite. Next, tape a piece of string on for the tail. Then you and your friend should each write three wishes on the small pieces of paper. Finally, tape your wishes onto the tail of the kite.

About the Authors and Illustrators





Sarunna Jin was eight years old when she wrote *My First American Friend.* She still visits her friend Ali, who lives in a nearby town. Sarunna has also written poems, reports, and adventure stories. She likes reading mystery books, and her favorite author is Beverly Cleary.

Sarunna's advice to people who have trouble writing is to start by taking notes about the things they like. Sarunna enjoys swimming, skating, gymnastics, playing the piano, and riding her bicycle.



Jean and Mou-sien Tseng were born in Taiwan. They met when they were art students and have worked together ever since. In one of their biggest projects, they designed 165 children's books for UNICEF and illustrated 30 of them! One of their award-winning picture books is *Seven Chinese Brothers*.

The Tsengs now live on Long Island, New York. They love to travel and have recently returned from a journey through Inner Mongolia, China.





More Authors and Illustrators



Bernard Waber began writing and illustrating children's books when his own children were growing up. After Bernard Waber wrote stories about Lyle the Crocodile, his friends gave him presents shaped like crocodiles. Soon his house was full of all kinds of crocodiles!

You may enjoy reading other books by Bernard Waber. In *Ira Sleeps Over,* Reggie invites Ira to spend the night. This story takes place before *Ira Says Goodbye.*

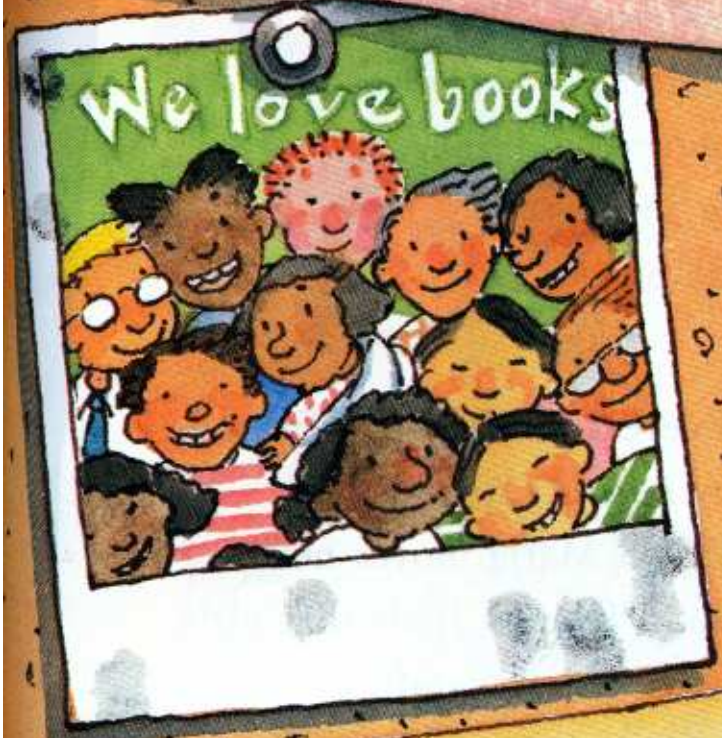






Ann Cameron had a friend named Julian who told her many funny stories about his childhood. Her friend's funny stories gave Ann Cameron the idea of writing a book about growing up.

You might like to read more about Julian in the books *More Stories Julian Tells* and *Julian's Glorious Summer.*





Beth Peck is the illustrator of *Matthew and Tilly*, another book about two best friends. She has also illustrated many other books for children, including *The Silver Whistle, Time of the Bison,* and *Sarah and the Dragon.*

More Clubhouse Reading

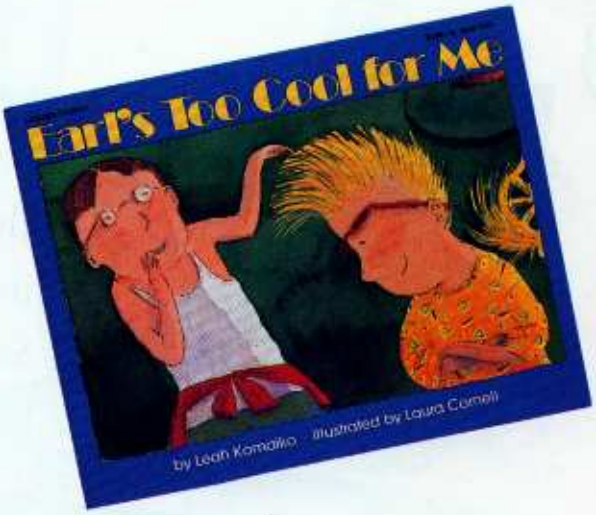


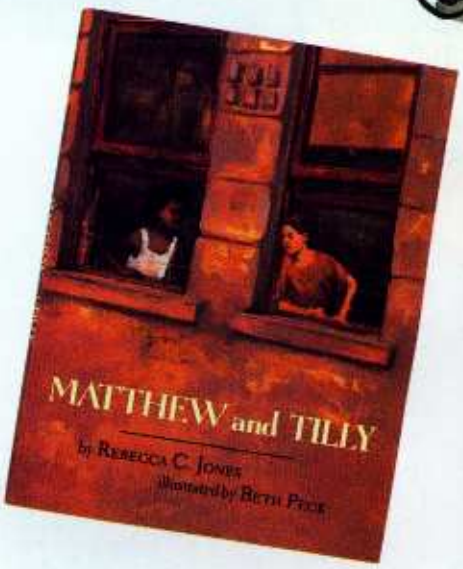
Henry and Mudge
by Cynthia Rylant
Henry and his dog Mudge are the best of friends and do everything together.



Everett Anderson's Friend
by Lucille Clifton
When Maria moves next door, Everett finds that girls make good friends.

Earl's Too Cool for Me
by Leah Komaiko
A boy thinks that Earl can do anything. Would Earl ever want to be his friend?

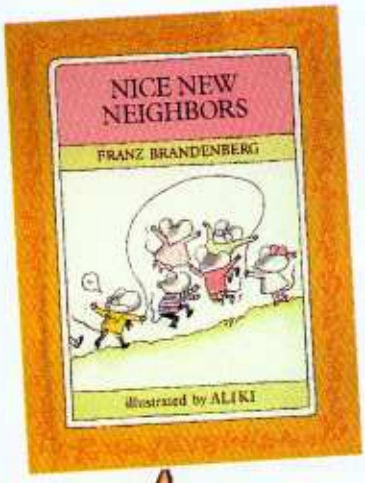




Matthew and Tilly

by Rebecca C. Jones

Matthew and Tilly are friends — until they get sick of each other. Will they ever play together again?

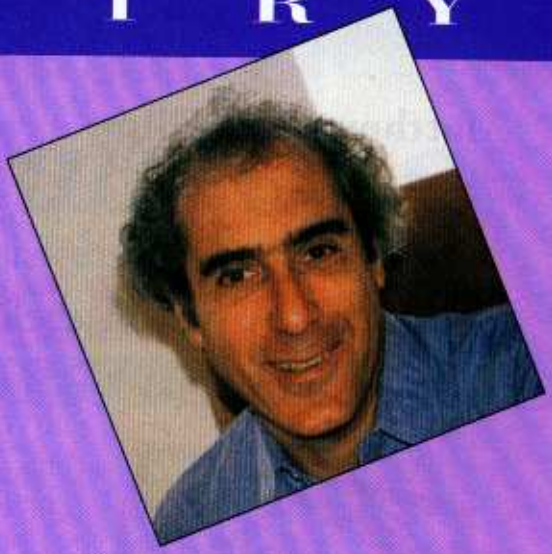


Nice New Neighbors

by Franz Brandenberg

Everybody seems too busy to make friends with the new children in the neighborhood.





Meet Jeff Moss

For many years Jeff Moss was the head writer for the television program *Sesame Street.* It was Jeff Moss who created the character of Cookie Monster. He has written many songs for the program, too, including the song "Rubber Duckie."

Jeff Moss is also a writer of poetry for children. His book, *The Butterfly Jar,* contains over eighty poems about everything from washing your neck to eating ice cream to the things monsters are most afraid of.

IN BETWEEN

My sister goes out to the movies
My brother stays home in his crib.
I'm too young to go with my sister
And too old for wearing a bib.
Too grown-up to be baby-sat for,
But too young to go baby-sit.
So if there's one age that is lousy,
I'll tell you for sure, this is it.



MOVING

Mom and Dad told us we're moving
To a better city
With a nicer house
And a better school
With great new friends
And even the weather will be sunnier.

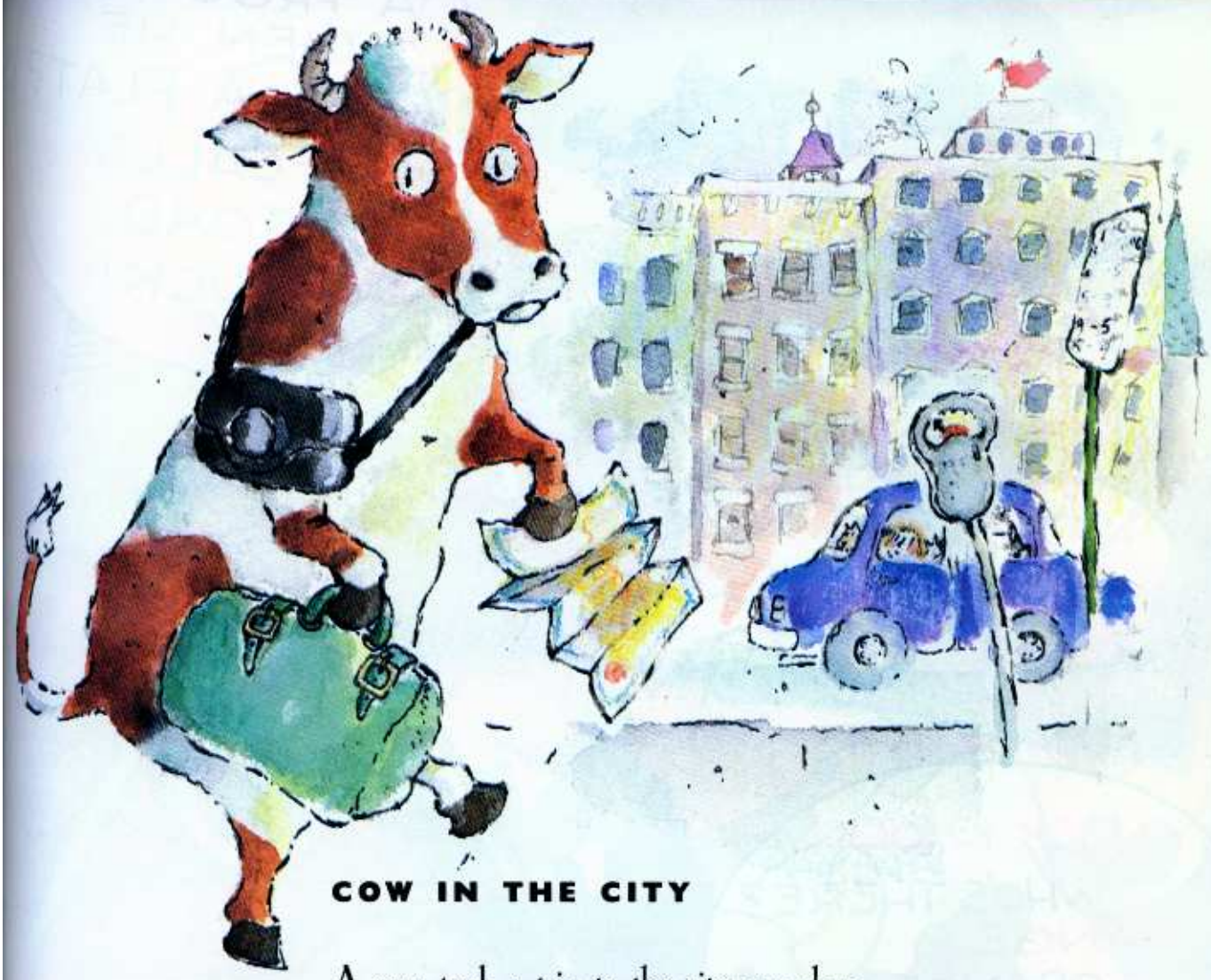
What I want to know is
If everything's so great where we're moving
How come we didn't decide to live there in the first place?

IF I FIND A PENNY

If I find a penny
And give it to you,
That means we'll both
Have a wish come true.
A penny is like magic
Lying on the ground.
It's like picking up a wish
That's waiting to be found.

So when I find one,
I'll give you a penny.
And if we're lucky
I'll give you many.
I'll pick up your penny,
Won't let the trashman sweep it.
But if I find a dollar . . .
I'll probably keep it.





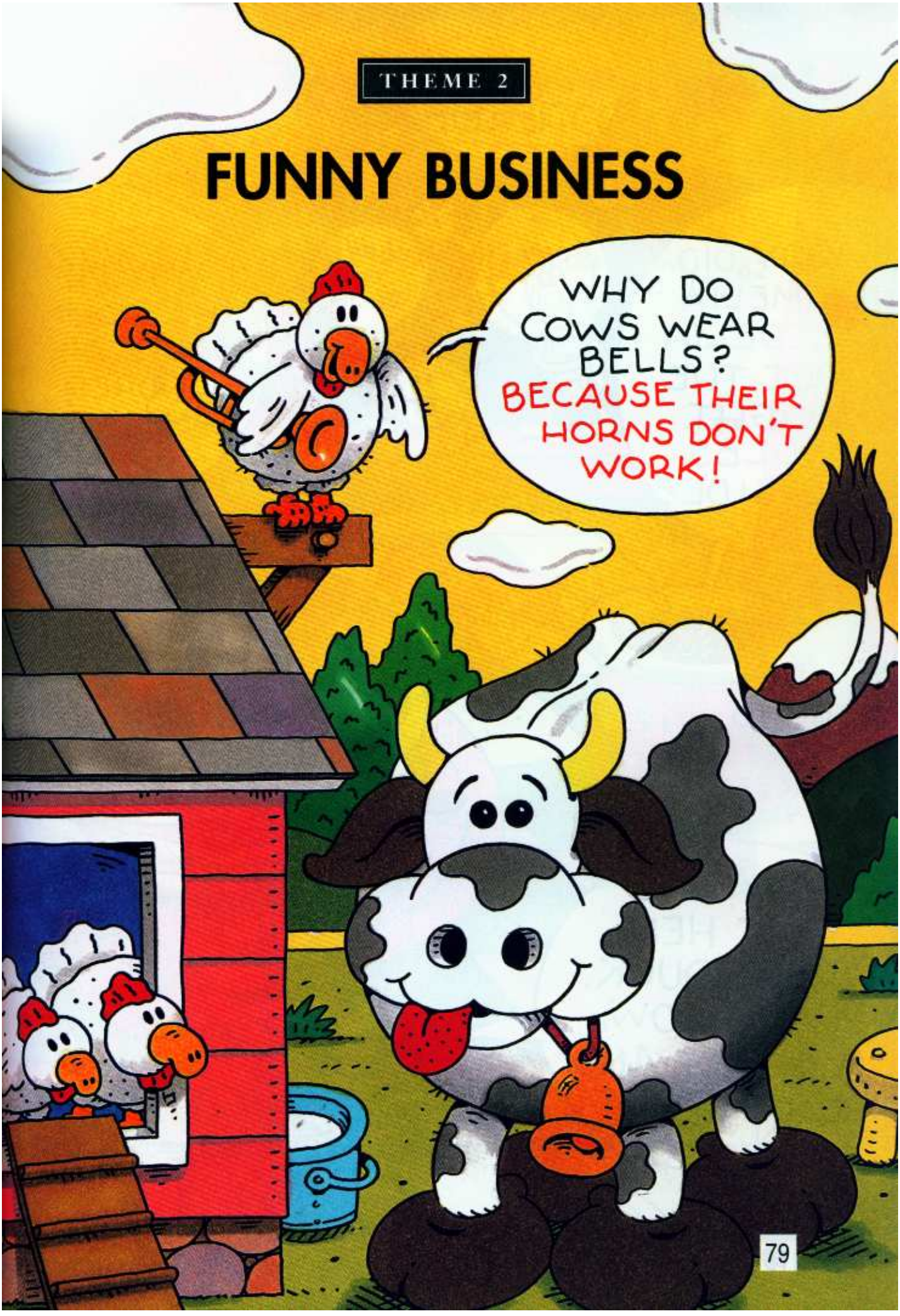
COW IN THE CITY

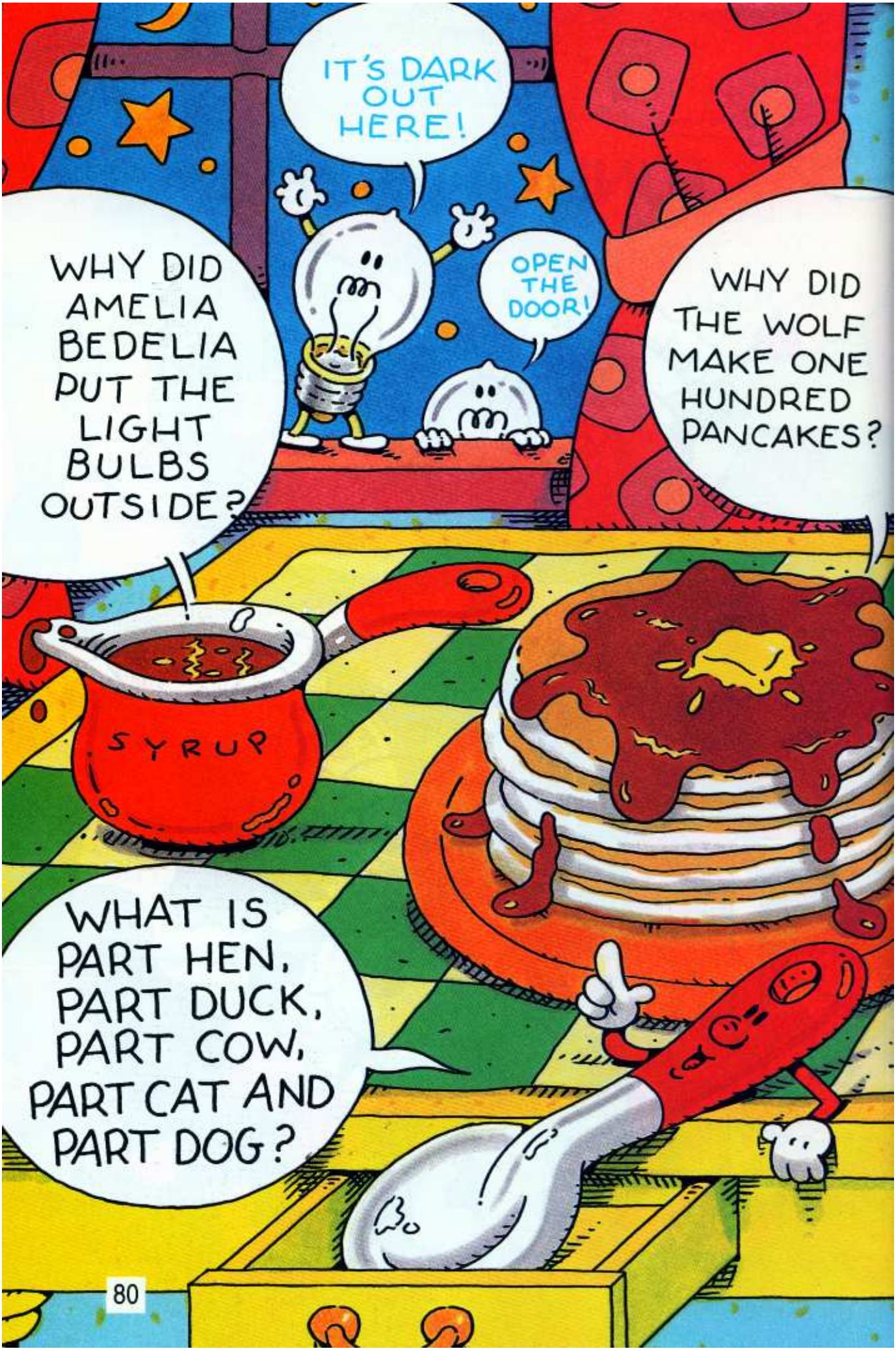
A cow took a trip to the city one day.
She nibbled on the sidewalk 'cause there wasn't any hay.
She mooed at the cars 'cause there weren't any sheep.
And at night she went to a hotel to sleep.
She got into bed and it broke with a crash,
So back to the country she ran in a flash,
And safe in her barn, mooed a long happy moo.
(If I were a cow, that's what I'd do, too.)


WHAT DOES A FROG DO WHEN HE GETS A FLAT?
HE CALLS A TOAD TRUCK!
KNOCK KNOCK!
WHO'S THERE?
ORANGE.
ORANGE WHO?
ORANGE YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?

THEME 2

FUNNY BUSINESS




IT'S DARK OUT HERE!
OPEN THE DOOR!
WHY DID AMELIA BEDELIA PUT THE LIGHT BULBS OUTSIDE?
WHY DID THE WOLF MAKE ONE HUNDRED PANCAKES?
SYRUP
WHAT IS PART HEN, PART DUCK, PART COW, PART CAT AND PART DOG?

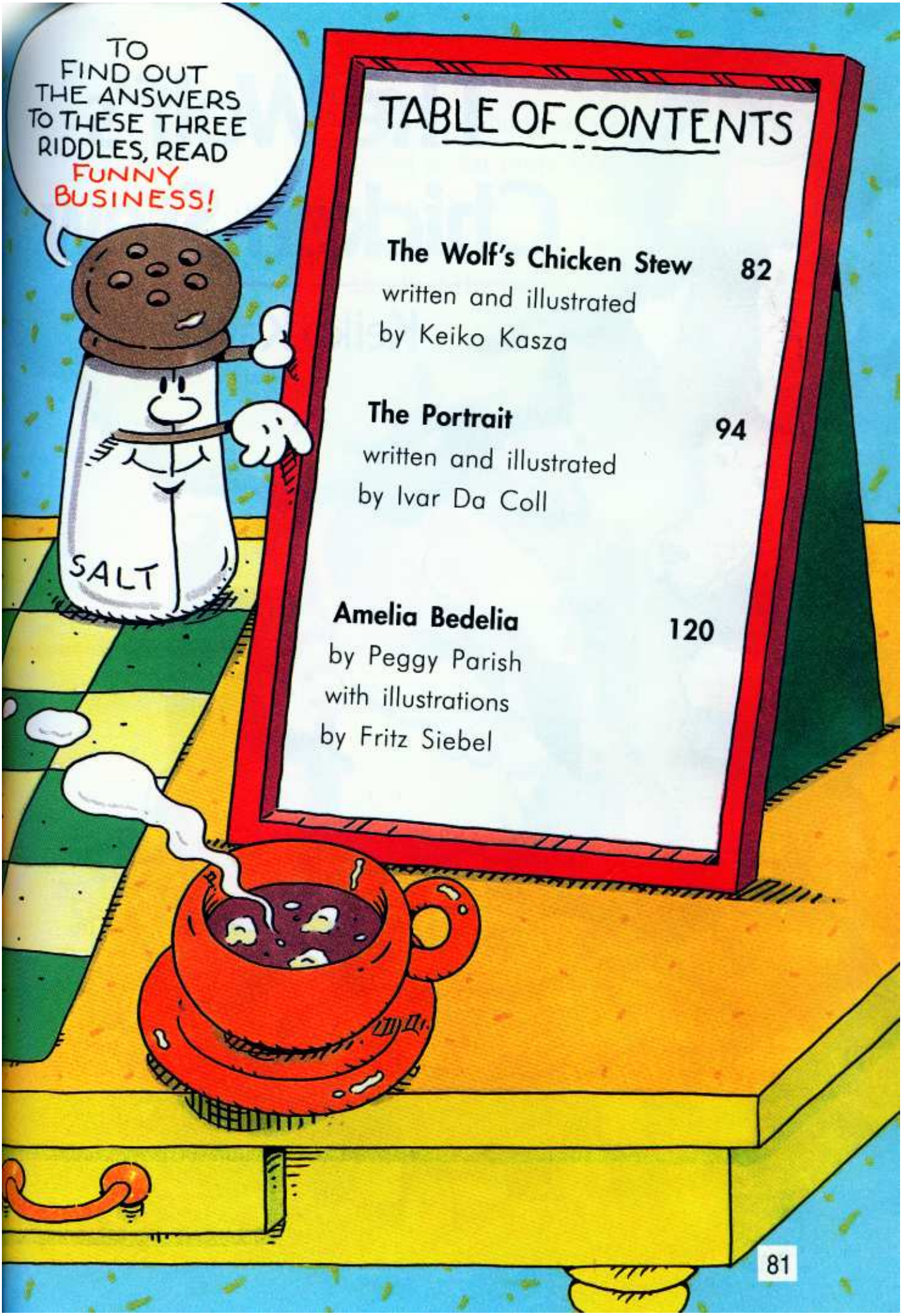
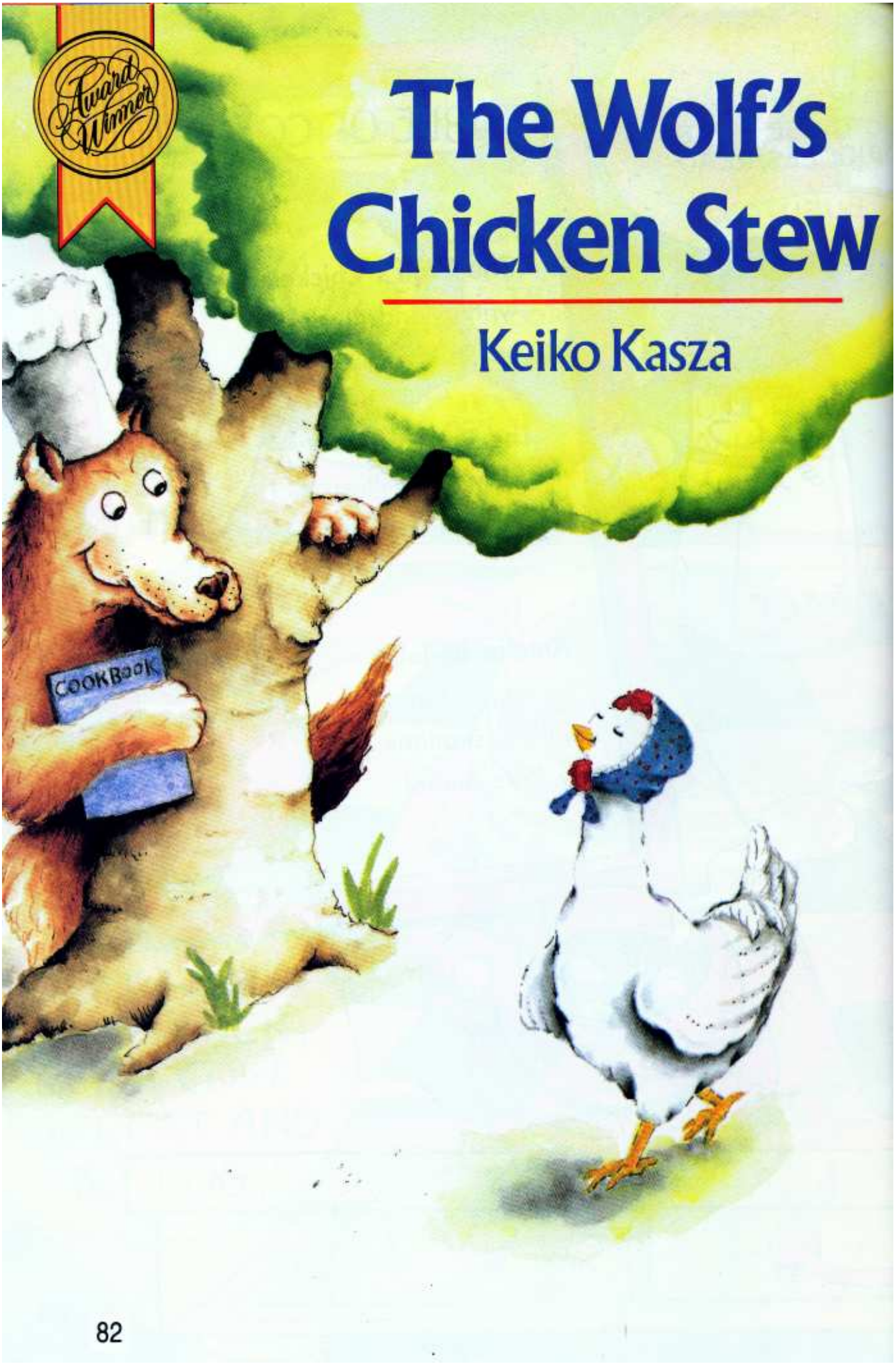


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Award Winner
The Wolf's Chicken Stew
Keiko Kasza
COOKBOOK

There once lived a wolf who loved to eat more than anything else in the world. As soon as he finished one meal, he began to think of the next.





One day the wolf got a terrible craving for chicken stew.

All day long he walked across the forest in search of a delicious chicken. Finally he spotted one.

"Ah, she is just perfect for my stew," he thought.

The wolf crept closer. But just as he was about to grab his prey . . . he had another idea.

"If there were just some way to fatten this bird a little more," he thought, "there would be all the more stew for me."



So . . . the wolf ran
home to his kitchen, and
he began to cook.



First he made a hundred scrumptious pancakes. Then, late at night, he left them on the chicken's porch.

"Eat well, my pretty chicken," he cried. "Get nice and fat for my stew!"





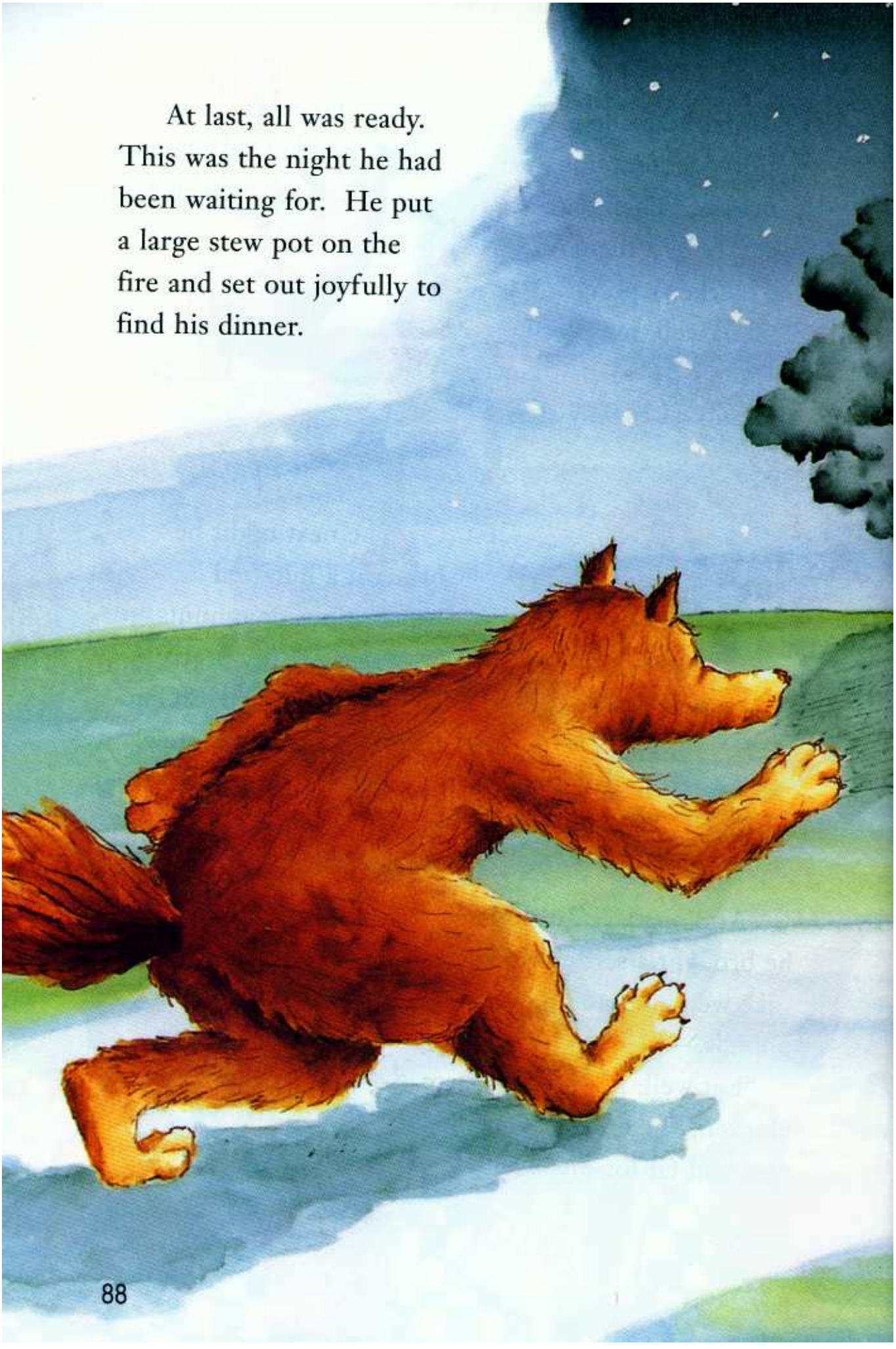
The next night he brought a hundred scrumptious doughnuts.

"Eat well, my pretty chicken," he cried. "Get nice and fat for my stew!"

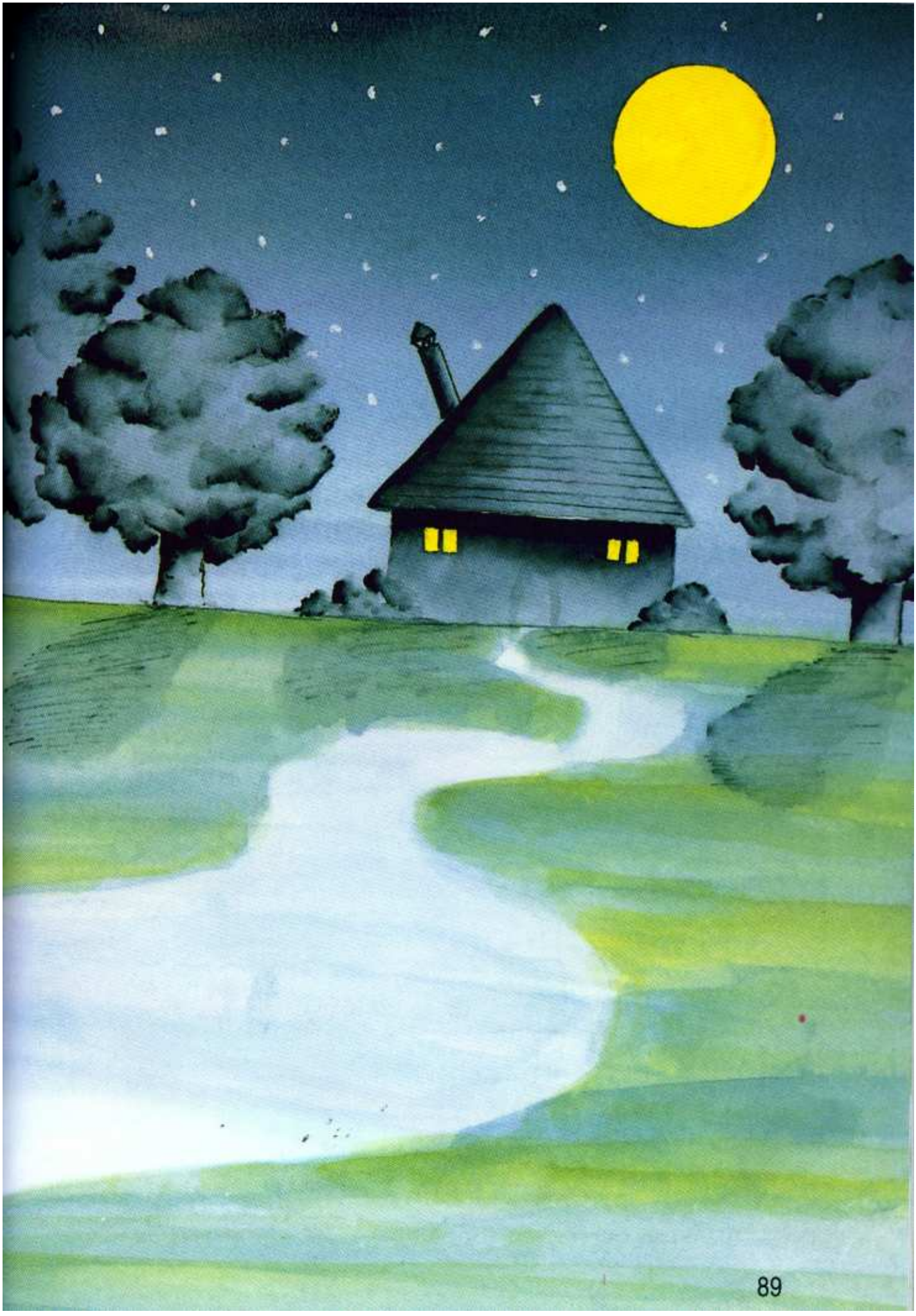


And on the next night he brought a scrumptious cake weighing a hundred pounds.

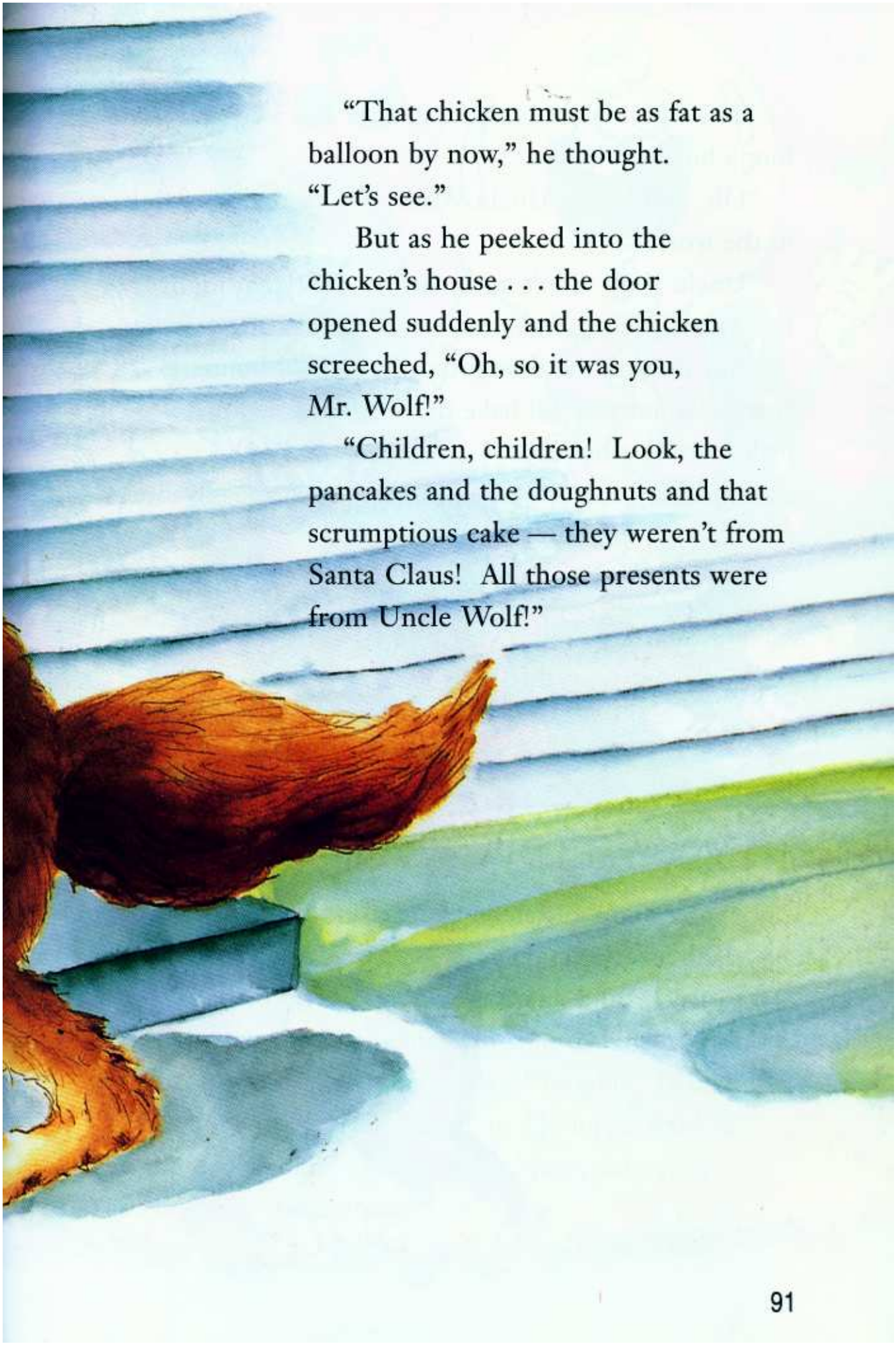
"Eat well, my pretty chicken," he cried. "Get nice and fat for my stew!"



At last, all was ready. This was the night he had been waiting for. He put a large stew pot on the fire and set out joyfully to find his dinner.




CHICKEN



"That chicken must be as fat as a balloon by now," he thought. "Let's see."

But as he peeked into the chicken's house . . . the door opened suddenly and the chicken screeched, "Oh, so it was you, Mr. Wolf!"

"Children, children! Look, the pancakes and the doughnuts and that scrumptious cake — they weren't from Santa Claus! All those presents were from Uncle Wolf!"

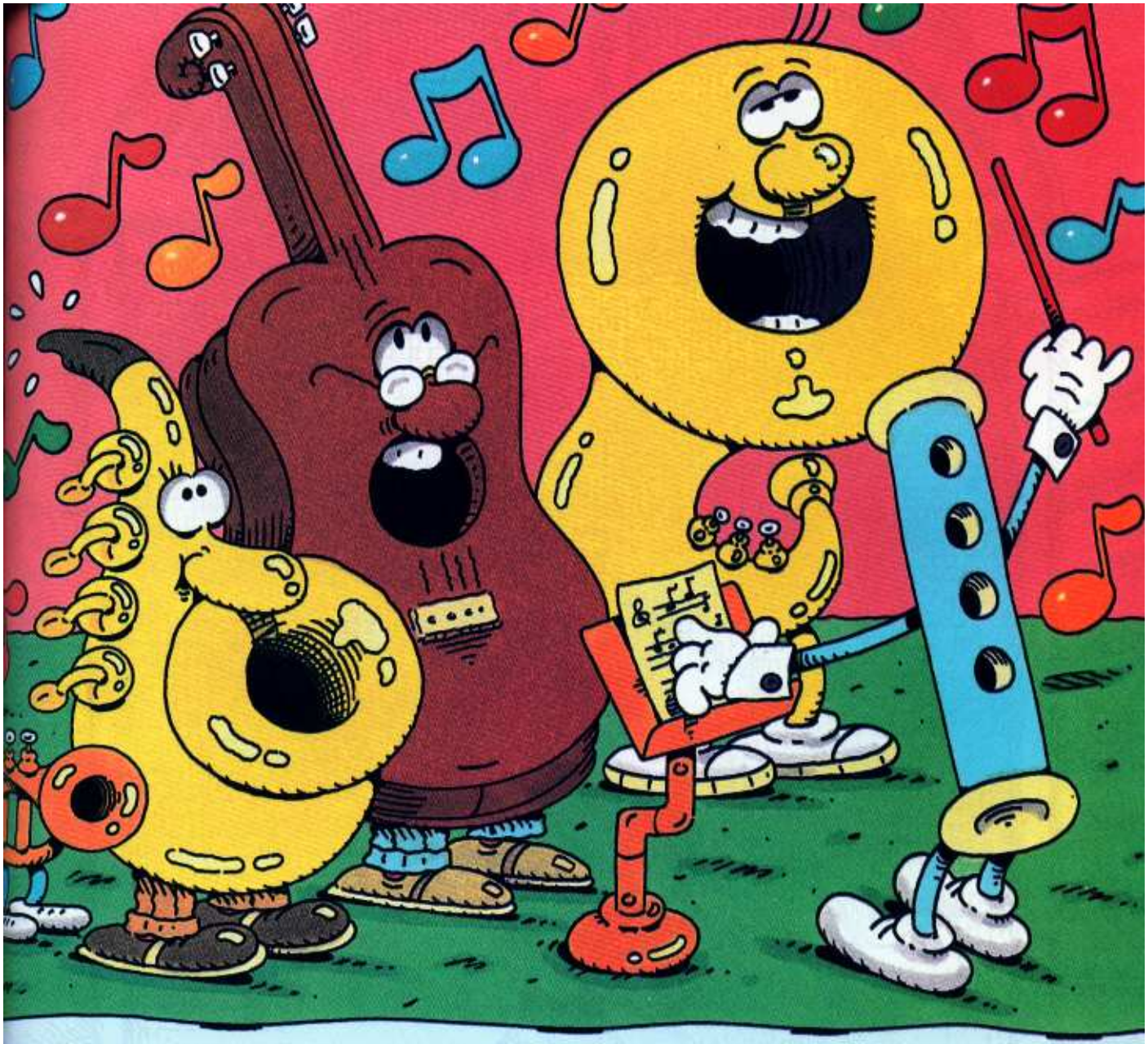
The baby chicks jumped all over the wolf and gave him a hundred kisses.

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Wolf! You're the best cook in the world!"

Uncle Wolf didn't have chicken stew that night but Mrs. Chicken fixed him a nice dinner anyway.

"Aw, shucks," he thought, as he walked home, "maybe tomorrow I'll bake the little critters a hundred scrumptious cookies!"





"OH, THANK YOU, UNCLE WOLF!"

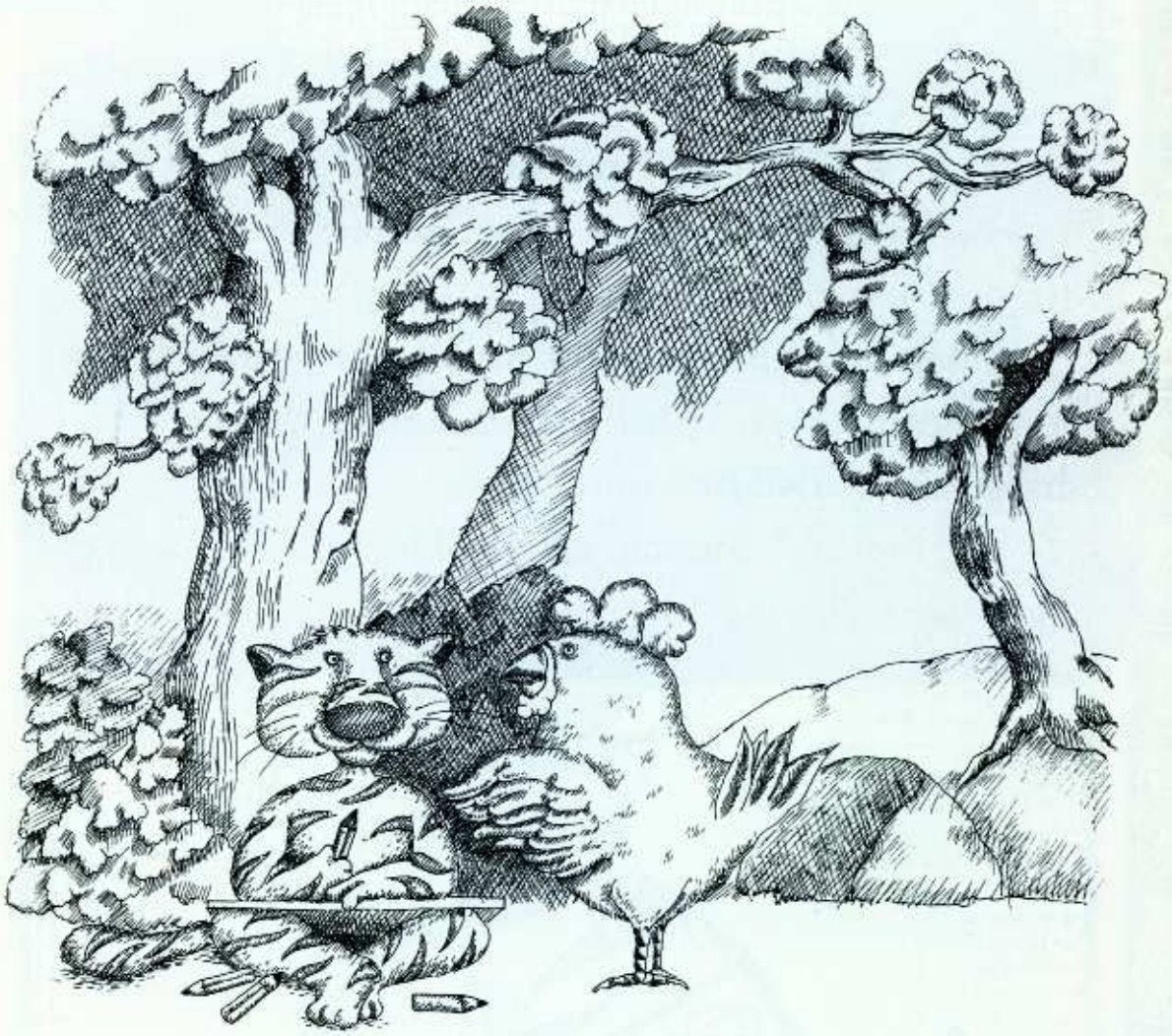
Uncle Wolf says that he may bake a hundred scrumptious cookies for the baby chicks. If he does, the chicks will certainly want to thank him. Write a thank-you song for the chicks to sing to Uncle Wolf. Use a tune you already know, like "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," "Happy Birthday," or "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" Then, if you want, sing your song to your classmates.



"What a lovely morning!" said Eusebio the tiger. "So fresh, so clean! It's a perfect day for drawing."

Eusebio taped a sheet of paper to a board. Then he gathered together his pencils, eraser, and pencil sharpener, and started on his way.

"Yes, indeed," Eusebio said to himself. "It's a very good day to be me!"



At the edge of the woods, Eusebio found a spot by a tree. He sat down, smoothed his whiskers, and was about to draw his first lines when along came Úrsula the hen.

"What are you doing?" asked Úrsula.

"I am getting ready to draw."

"And how good are you at drawing?"

"I'm like a master," said Eusebio modestly.

"Well, then, make a portrait of me," said Úrsula. "I feel beautiful today. Notice my comb, my beak, my eyes . . ."

"Please don't move."

"I will be as still as a stone until the end," Úrsula promised.

She sat down quietly next to the tree. Eusebio gave all his attention to drawing her.

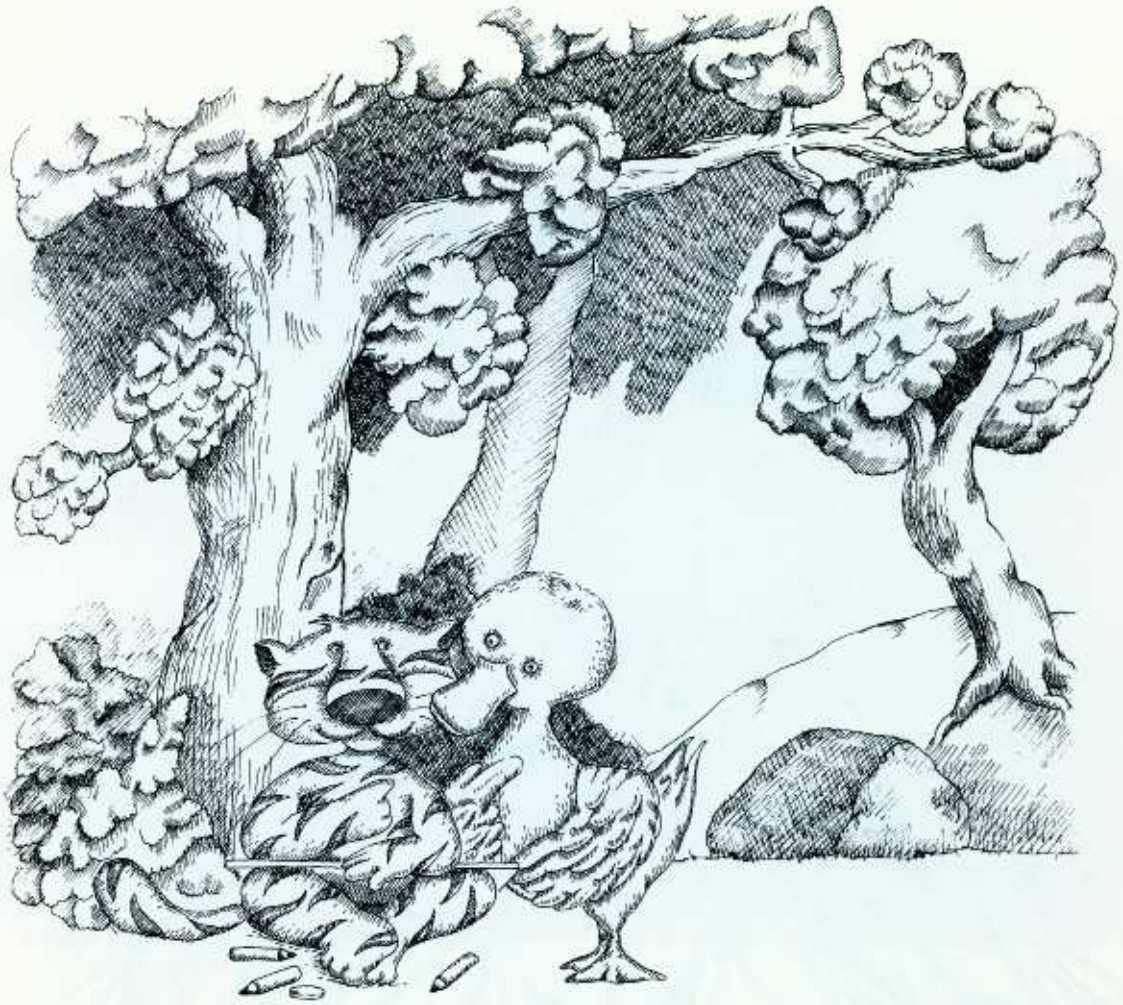
Suddenly Úrsula jumped up. "I left an egg cooking on the stove!" she squawked. "I must fly home or it will burn! Good-by!"

Eusebio was about to erase the lines he had drawn when along came Ananías the duck.

"How well you draw," said Ananías.

"Just like a master," agreed Eusebio, modestly scratching his ear.





"Well, draw a portrait of me," said Ananías. "I just bathed in the pool and I feel adorable. Notice my neck and my right foot. Aren't they charming?"

"Very charming, dear Ananías. Please don't move."

"I will be as still as a statue until the end," Ananías promised. Eusébio began to draw.

Suddenly Ananías jumped up. "I left the faucet on in the sink!" he quacked. "The house will be flooded! I know how to swim, but the furniture doesn't! What will I do if my furniture drowns?" Ananías said good-by and flew off.



Eusebio was about to erase the lines he had drawn. Along came Eulalia the cow, looking elegant and smelling sweet.

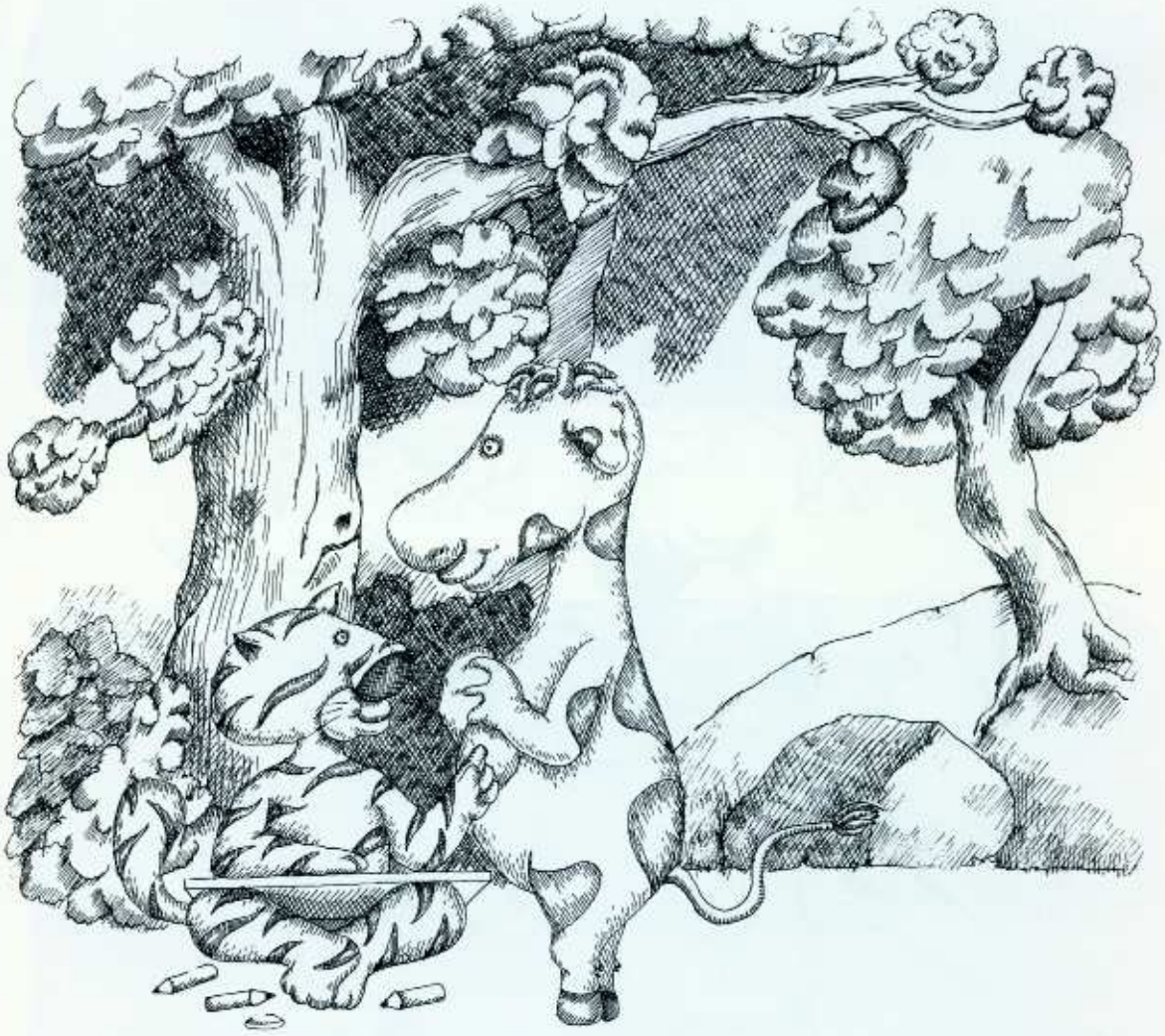
"What are you making?" asked Eulalia.

"A masterpiece," said Eusebio. Modestly he scratched his other ear.

"I'll help you," said Eulalia. "Draw my portrait. I look wonderful today. With a model such as I, you are sure to make a masterpiece. Notice my horns, my ears, and my tail."

"Your wish is my command, my dear Eulalia," said Eusebio. "Please don't move."

"I won't breathe a sigh until the end," promised Eulalia. Eusebio began to draw.

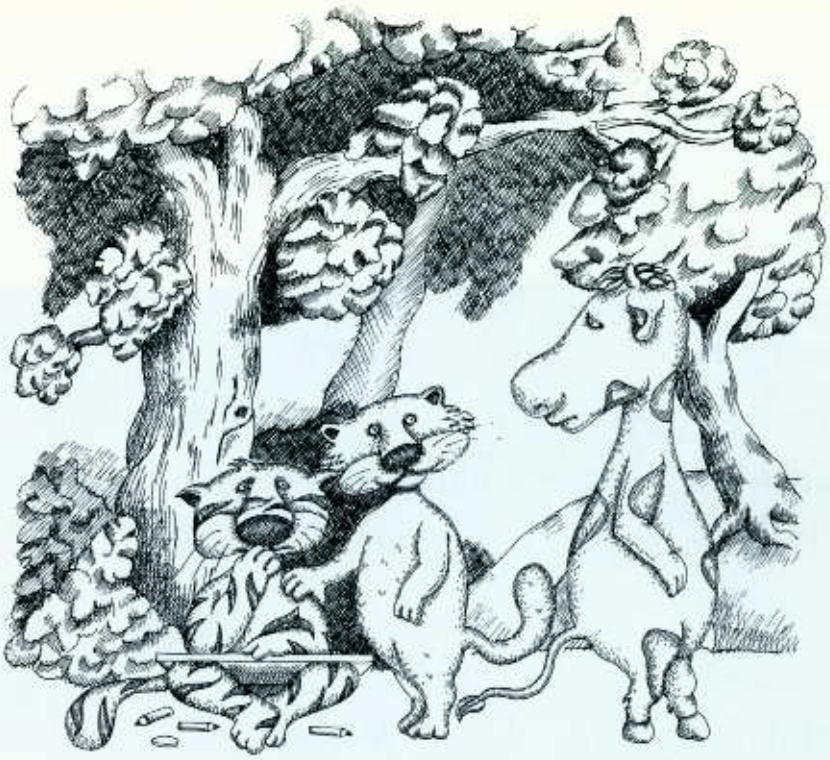


Suddenly Eulalia jumped up, looking worried. "Did I leave it open or closed?" she mooed.

"Did you leave what?"

"The door!" said Eulalia. "I don't remember if I closed it well when I went out. And what about the windows? The wind could blow in and make a mess of the letter I'm writing to Camila! I'm only on page five! No, we will have to continue on another day!"





Just as Eulalia was saying good-by, along came Camila the cat. "Camila! I will be sending you a ten page letter," Eulalia told her. "Please write back immediately after you get it."

Meanwhile Eusebio was saying to himself, "I think I'd better draw something else. Flowers, trees, clouds . . . anything but portraits."

"You make portraits?" said Camila. "Draw one of me! I just washed my whiskers. See? Don't you think they're beautiful?"

"Very nice. Please don't move!"

"I won't even blink," Camila promised. She lay down by a rock.

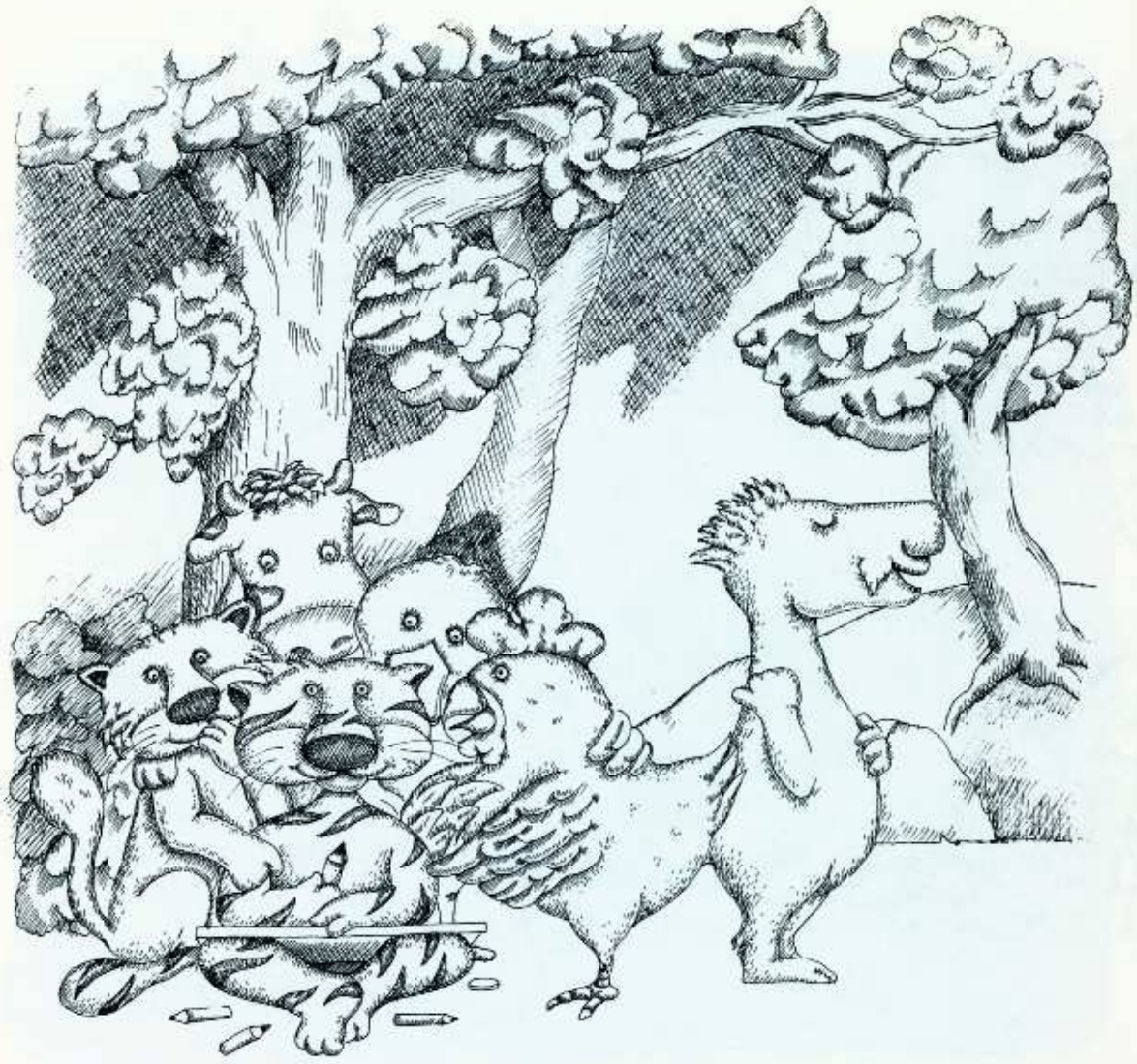
The morning sun felt so warm on her fur that her eyes slowly closed until she was fast asleep. She dreamed of the letter Eulalia was sending her. In the letter, Eulalia invited her over to eat caramels. She licked her lips.

"Camila!" said Eusebio. "Wake up! I can't draw you like that!"

But Camila was too busy dreaming about caramels to answer.

"Things don't always work out the way you want them to," sighed Eusebio. "I'm going to erase all of this and start over. I'll try to draw some flowers, trees, clouds . . ."





"One minute," said Horatio the dog, who had just arrived. "Let me see."

"It's just a masterpiece," said Eusebio modestly, scratching his ears.

"Oh, this is funny!" Horatio howled. "It's really very funny!" He fell down laughing.

"You know what? You're right," said Eusebio. "I hadn't noticed."

Horatio's laughter woke up Camila, who came over to see what was so funny. Then along came Úrsula, who had fixed her breakfast egg, and Ananías, who had turned off the faucet, and Eulalia, who had made sure the doors and windows were closed. They all fell down laughing.

"My comb is lovely," cackled Úrsula.

"Not as lovely as my foot," quacked Ananías.

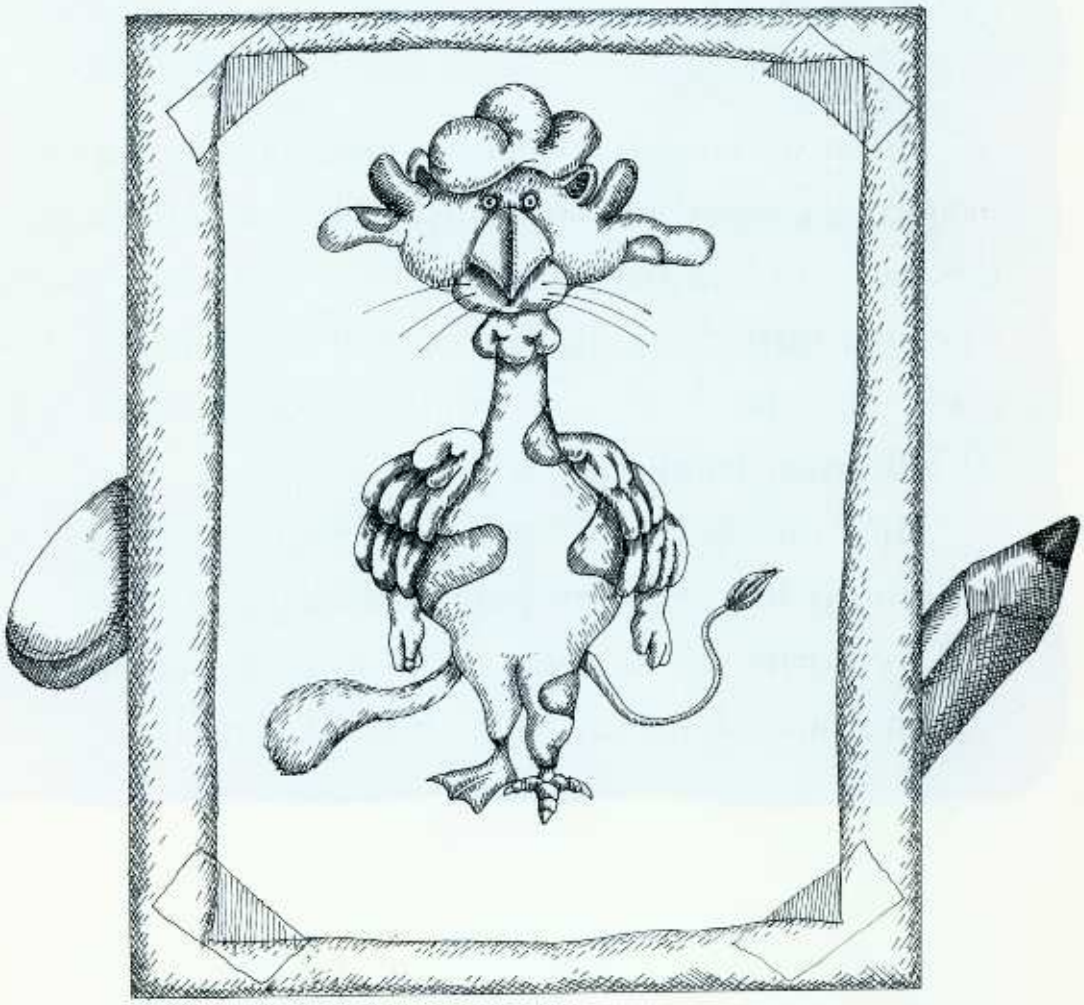
"My horns are the best part," mooed Eulalia.

"And how about my tail?" mewed Camila.

"This is my best portrait," said Eusebio, chuckling.

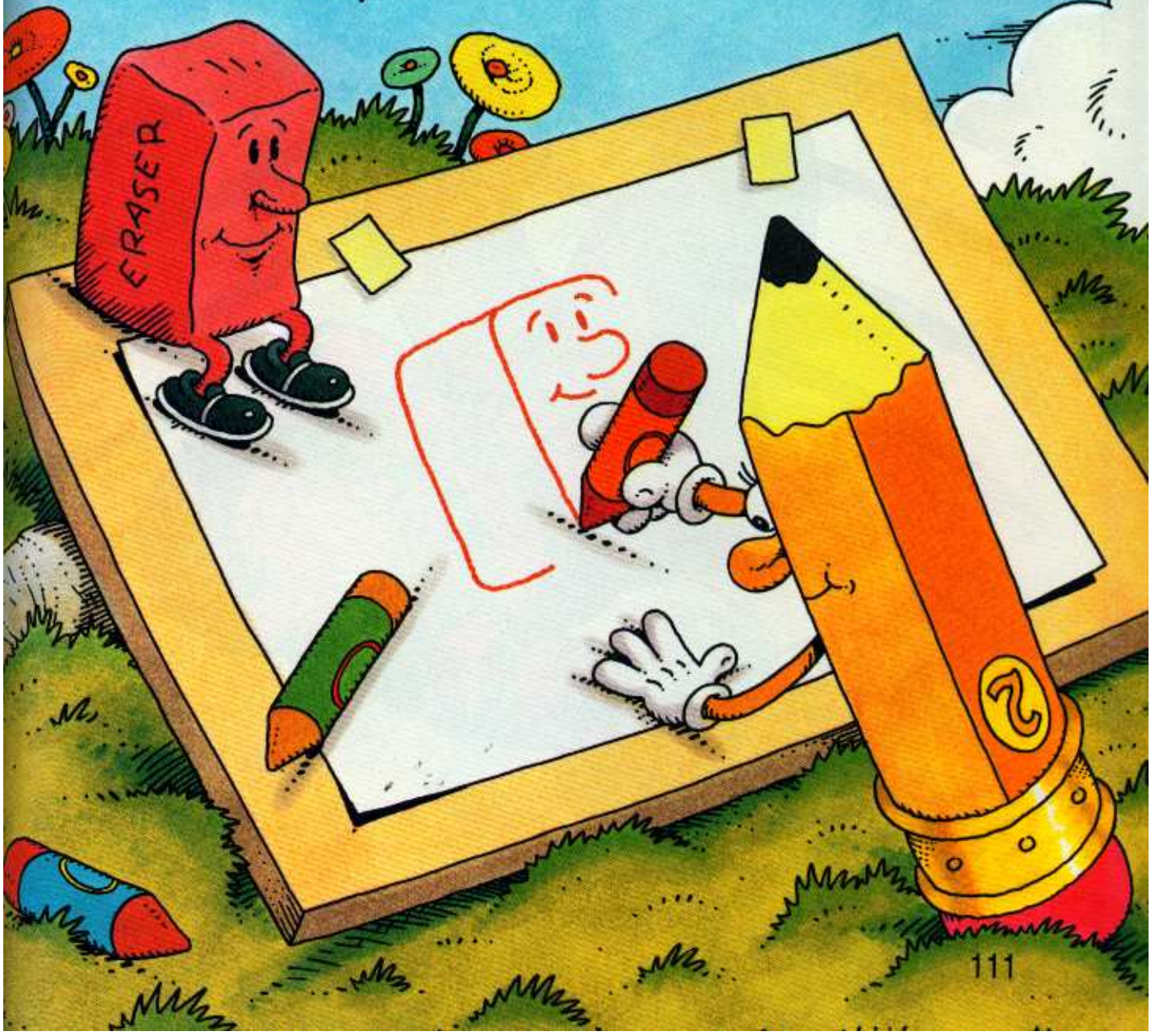
"A masterpiece!" they all agreed.

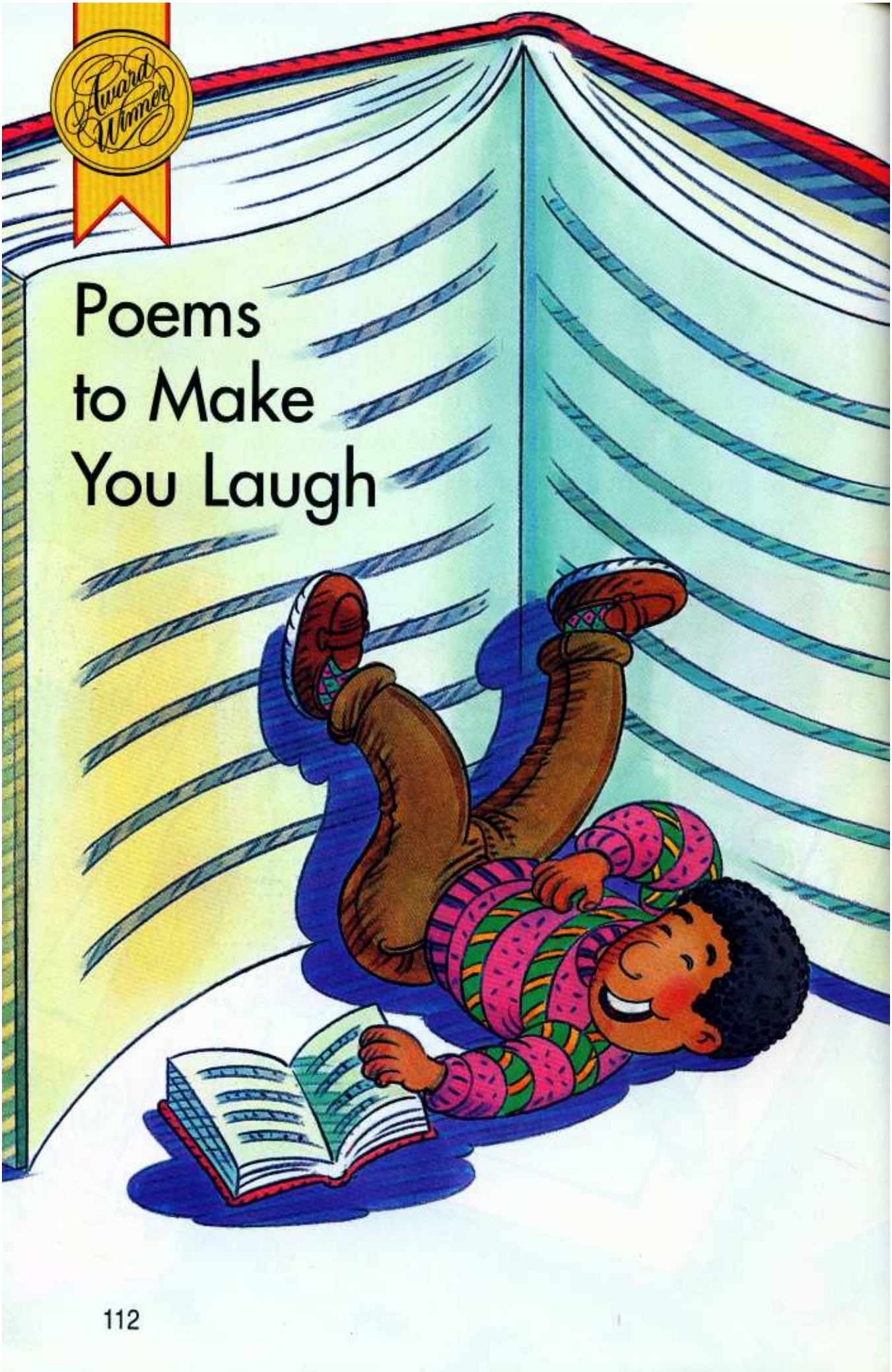
"I must admit," said Eusebio. "It *is* a very good day to be me." And he modestly scratched both of his ears.

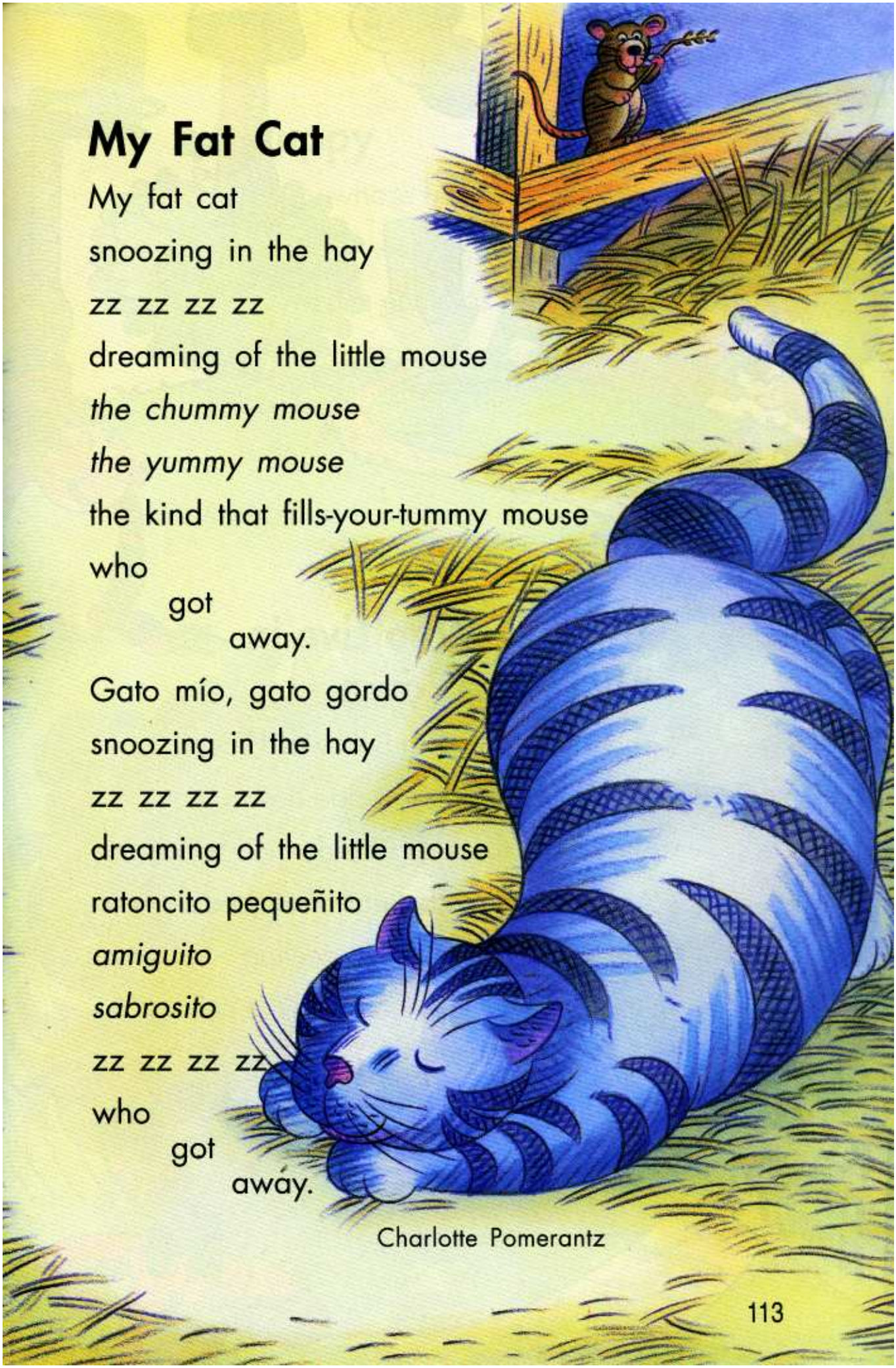


A FUNNY MASTERPIECE

Be an artist like Eusebio. Draw a funny portrait of a friend. Get together all the art supplies you need. Then have your friend sit still while you draw. After you're through with the portrait, you may want to give it a title. Now switch places and let your friend draw you!



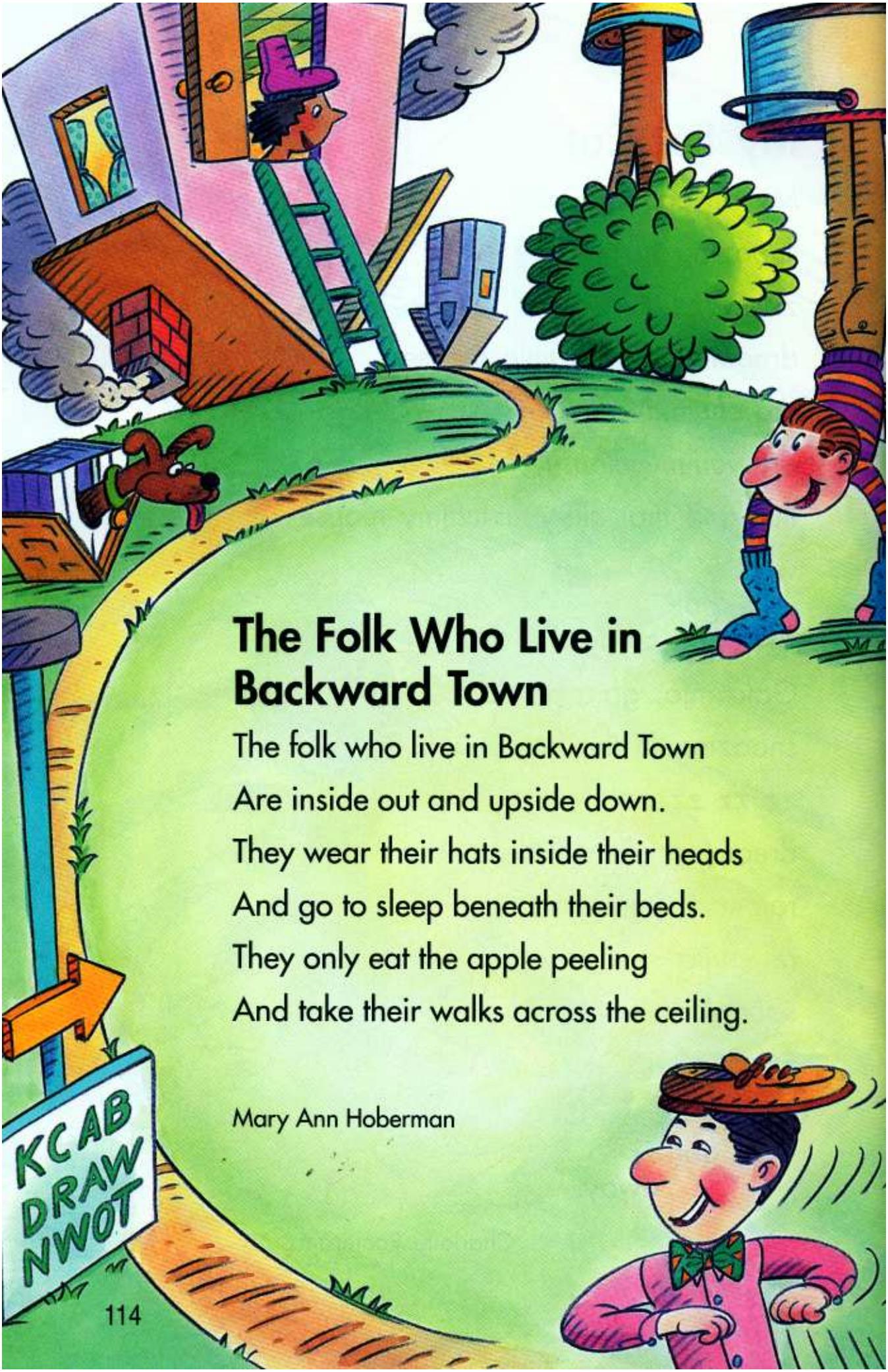

Award Winner
Poems to Make You Laugh



My Fat Cat

My fat cat
snoozing in the hay
zz zz zz zz
dreaming of the little mouse
the chummy mouse
the yummy mouse
the kind that fills-your-tummy mouse
who
got
away.
Gato mío, gato gordo
snoozing in the hay
zz zz zz zz
dreaming of the little mouse
ratoncito pequeñito
amiguito
sabrosito
zz zz zz zz
who
got
away.

Charlotte Pomerantz



The Folk Who Live in Backward Town

The folk who live in Backward Town
Are inside out and upside down.
They wear their hats inside their heads
And go to sleep beneath their beds.
They only eat the apple peeling
And take their walks across the ceiling.

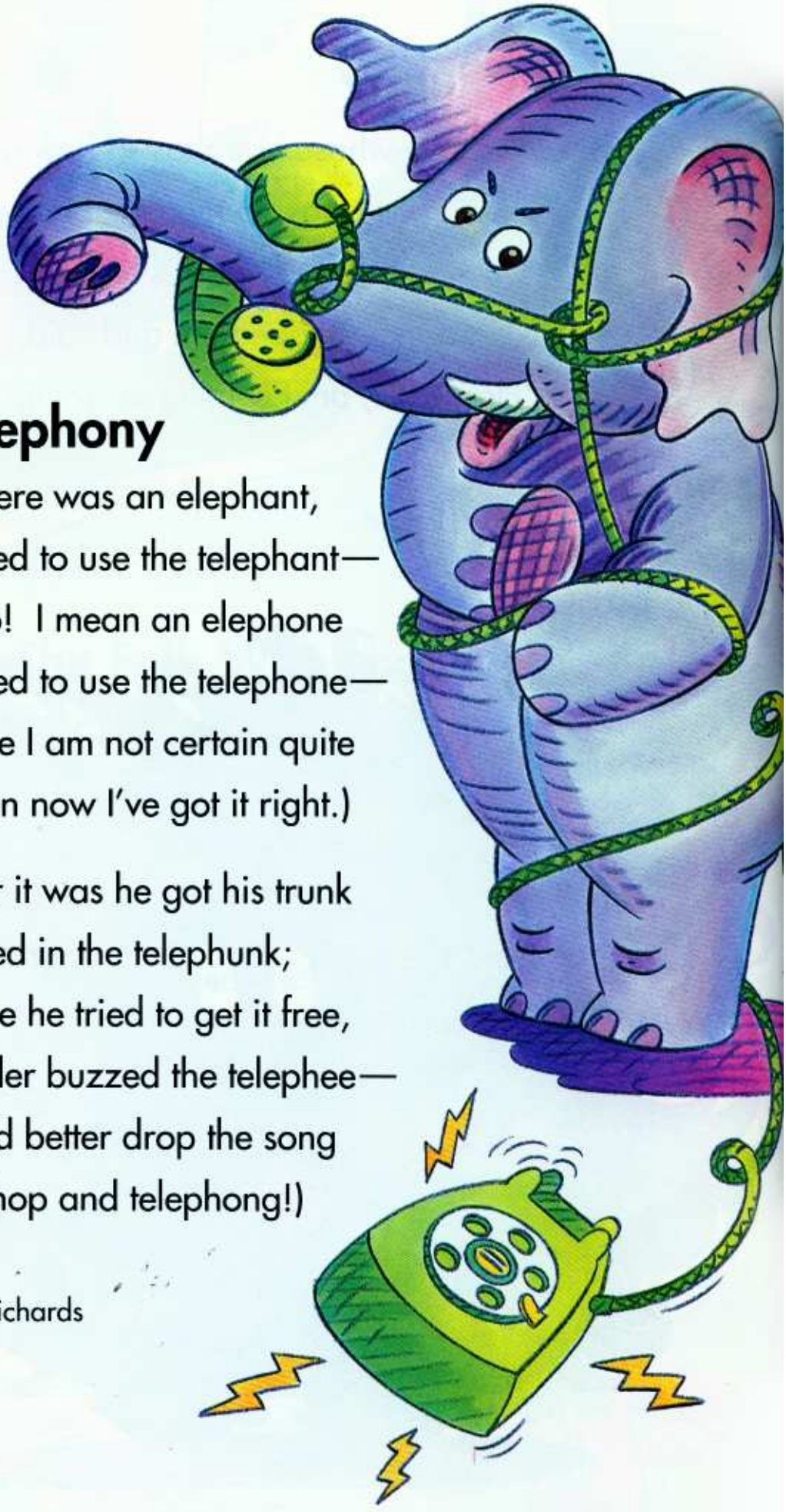
Mary Ann Hoberman

A Puppy

A puppy whose hair was so flowing
There really was no means of knowing
Which end was his head,
Once stopped me and said,
"Please, sir, am I coming or going?"

Oliver Herford





Eletelephony

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant—
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone—
(Dear me I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee—
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)

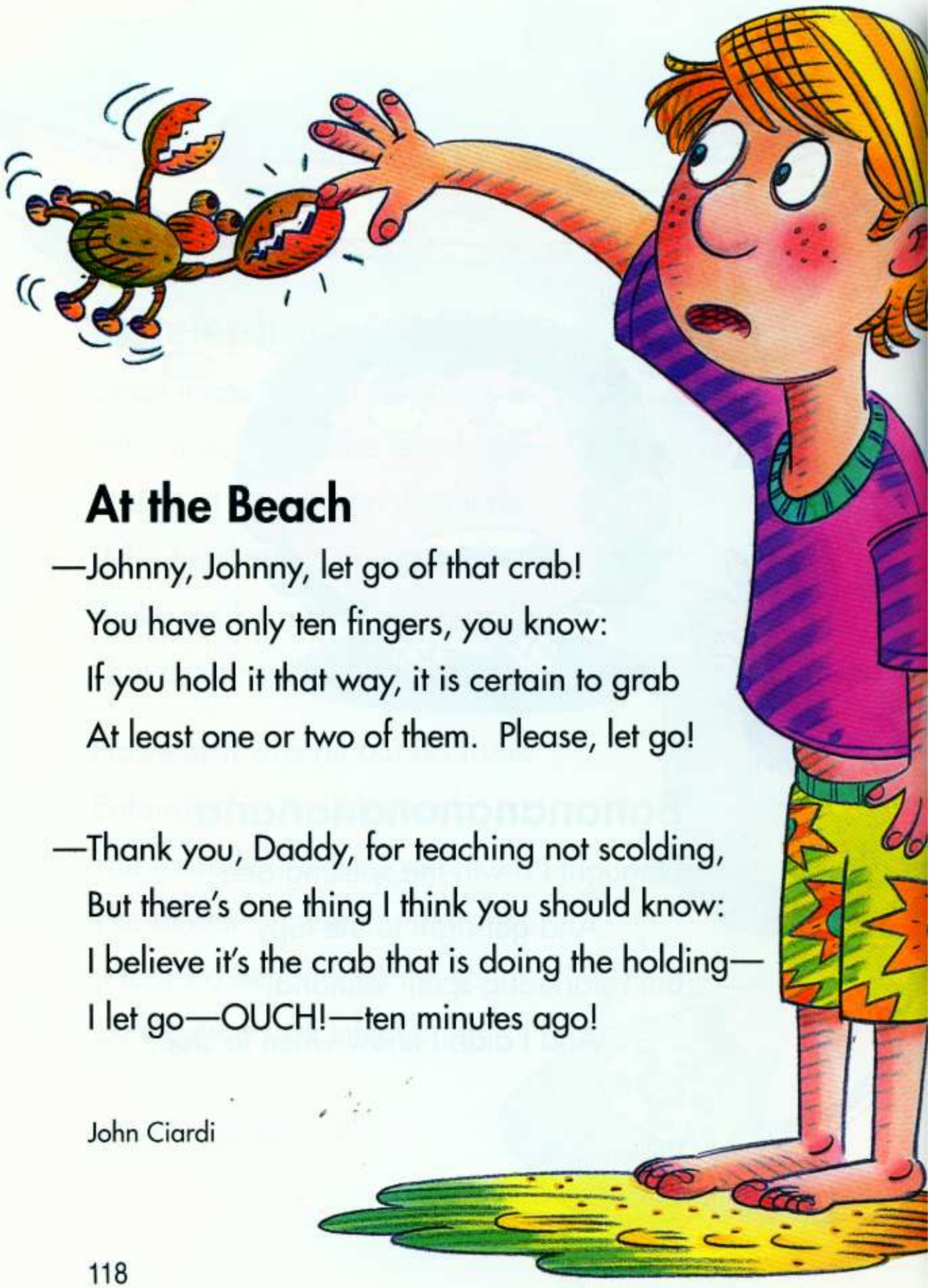
Laura E. Richards



Bananananananananana

I thought I'd win the spelling bee
And get right to the top,
But I started to spell "banana,"
And I didn't know when to stop.

William Cole



At the Beach

—Johnny, Johnny, let go of that crab!
You have only ten fingers, you know:
If you hold it that way, it is certain to grab
At least one or two of them. Please, let go!

—Thank you, Daddy, for teaching not scolding,
But there's one thing I think you should know:
I believe it's the crab that is doing the holding—
I let go—OUCH!—ten minutes ago!

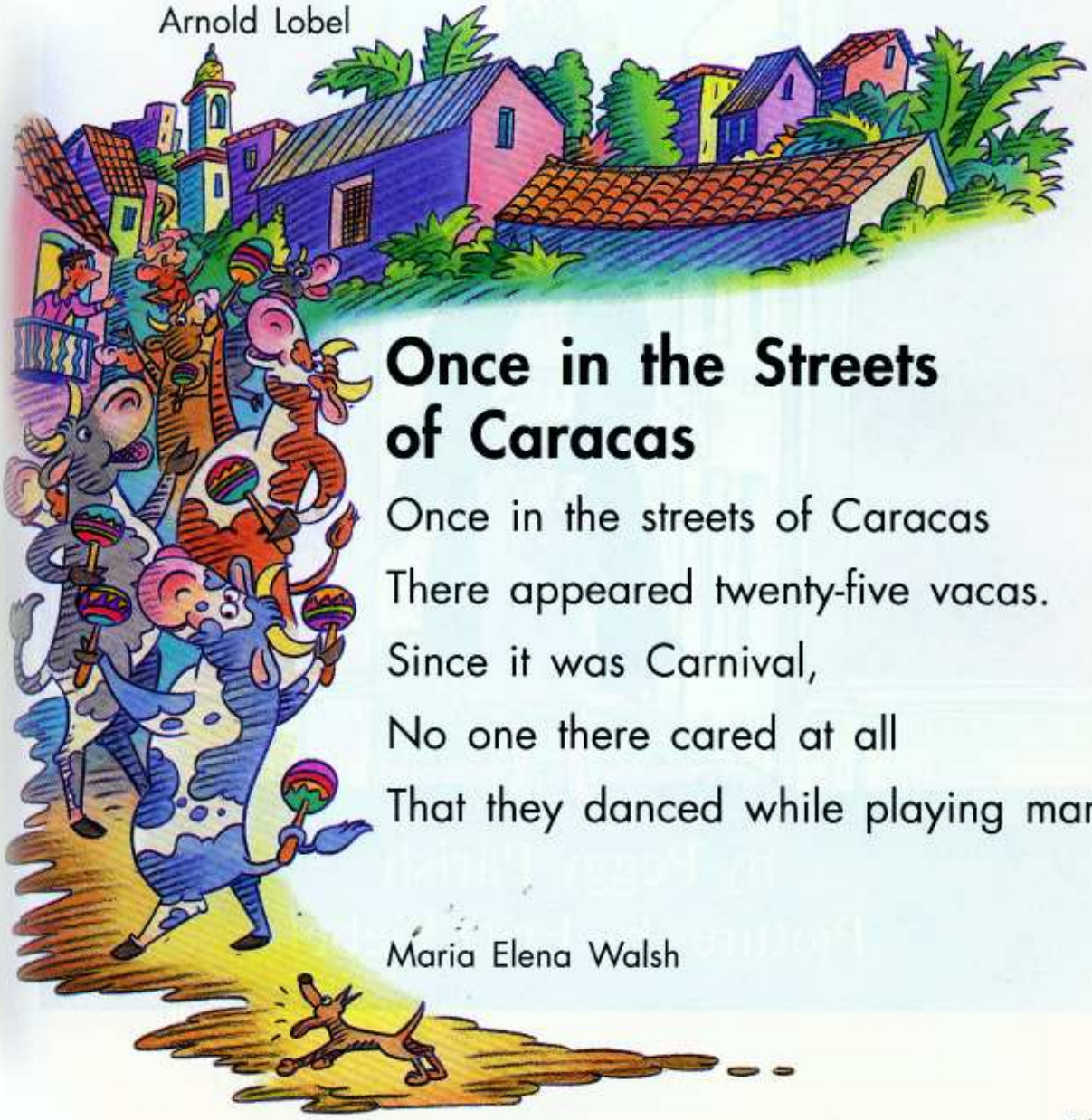
John Ciardi

There Was a Sad Pig with a Tail

There was a sad pig with a tail
Not curly, but straight as a nail.
So he ate simply oodles
Of pretzels and noodles,
Which put a fine twist to his tail.



Arnold Lobel

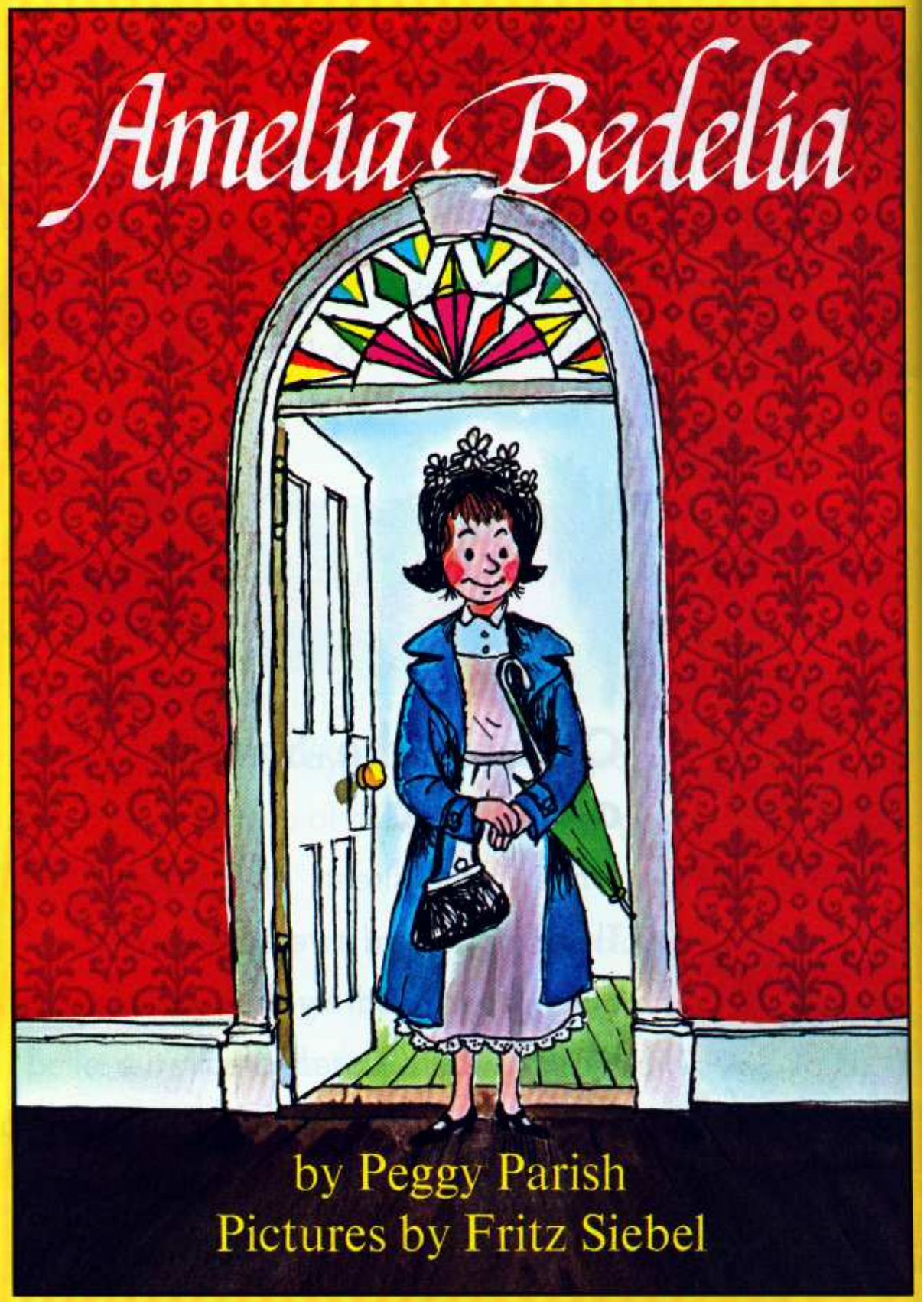


Once in the Streets of Caracas

Once in the streets of Caracas
There appeared twenty-five vacas.
Since it was Carnival,
No one there cared at all
That they danced while playing maracas.

Maria Elena Walsh

Amelia Bedelia



by Peggy Parish
Pictures by Fritz Siebel



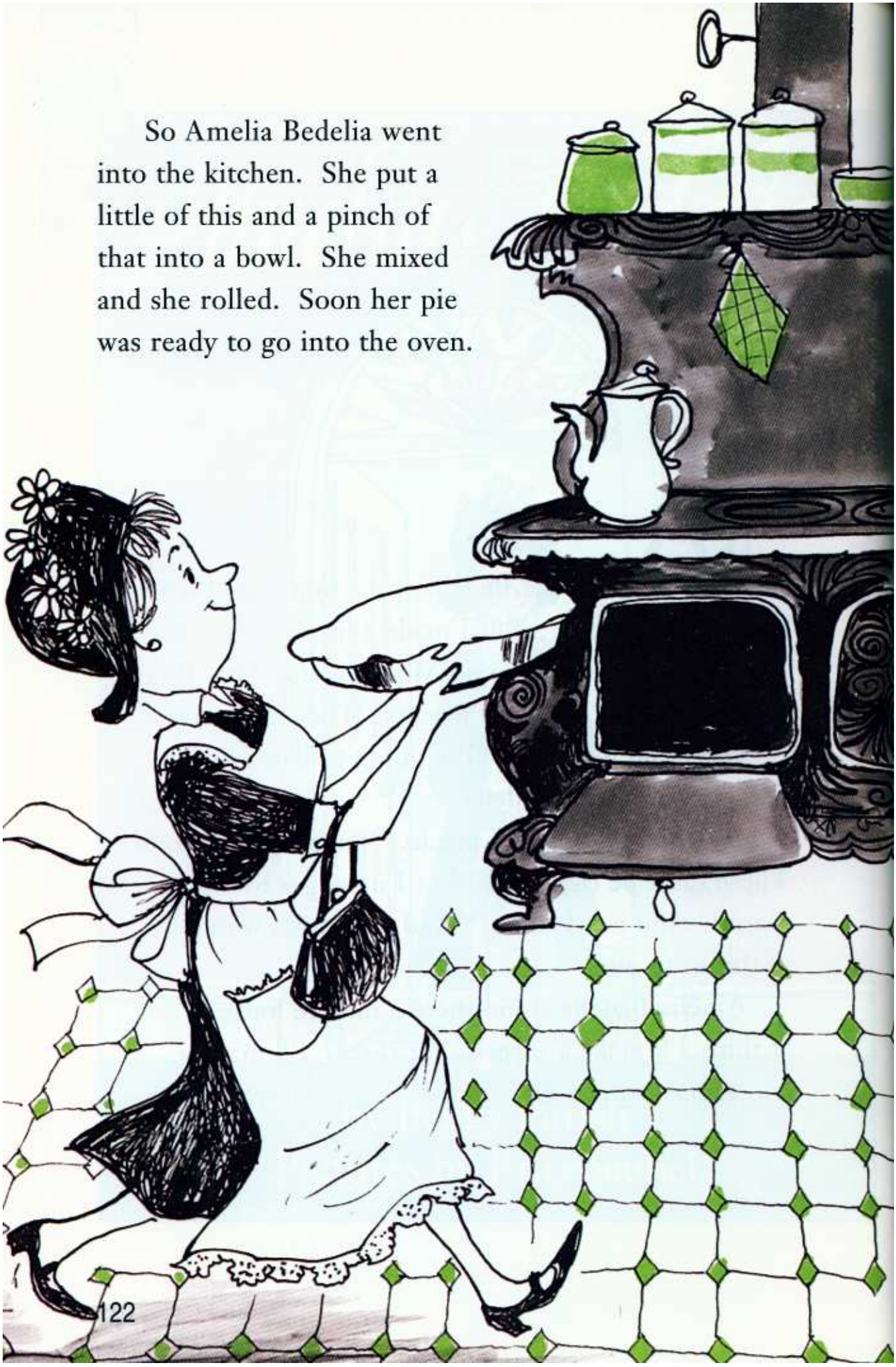
"Oh, Amelia Bedelia, your first day of work. And I can't be here. But I made a list for you. You do just what the list says," said Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers got into the car with Mr. Rogers. They drove away.

"My, what nice folks. I'm going to like working here," said Amelia Bedelia.

Amelia Bedelia went inside. "Such a grand house. These must be rich folks. But I must get to work. Here I stand just looking. And me with a whole list of things to do."

Amelia Bedelia stood there a minute longer. "I think I'll make a surprise for them. I'll make a lemon-meringue pie. I do make good pies."

So Amelia Bedelia went into the kitchen. She put a little of this and a pinch of that into a bowl. She mixed and she rolled. Soon her pie was ready to go into the oven.



"There," said Amelia Bedelia. "That's done. Now let's see what this list says."

Amelia Bedelia read,

Change the towels in the green bathroom.



Amelia Bedelia found the green bathroom.

"Those towels are very nice. Why change them?" she thought. Then Amelia Bedelia remembered what Mrs. Rogers had said. She must do just what the list told her.

"Well, all right," said Amelia Bedelia.

Amelia Bedelia got some scissors. She snipped a little here and a little there. And she changed those towels.

"There," said Amelia Bedelia. She looked at her list again.



Dust the furniture.

"Did you ever hear tell of such a silly thing? At my house we undust the furniture. But to each his own way."

Amelia Bedelia took one last look at the bathroom. She saw a big box with the words *Dusting Powder* on it.

"Well, look at that. A special powder to dust with!" exclaimed Amelia Bedelia.

So Amelia Bedelia dusted the furniture.

"That should be dusty enough. My, how nice it smells."



Draw the drapes when the sun comes in.

read Amelia Bedelia. She looked up. The sun was coming in. Amelia Bedelia looked at the list again.

"Draw the drapes? That's what it says. I'm not much of a hand at drawing, but I'll try."

So Amelia Bedelia sat right down and she drew those drapes. Amelia Bedelia marked off about the drapes.

"Now what?"



Put the lights out when you finish in the living room.

Amelia Bedelia thought about this a minute. She switched off the lights. Then she carefully unscrewed each bulb. And Amelia Bedelia put the lights out.

"So those things need to be aired out, too. Just like pillows and babies. Oh, I do have a lot to learn."

"My pie!" exclaimed Amelia Bedelia. She hurried to the kitchen.

"Just right," she said. She took the pie out of the oven and put it on the table to cool. Then she looked at the list.

Measure two cups of rice.



"That's next," said Amelia Bedelia. Amelia Bedelia found two cups. She filled them with rice. And Amelia Bedelia measured that rice.

Amelia Bedelia laughed. "These folks do want me to do funny things." Then she poured the rice back into the container.

The meat market will deliver a steak and a chicken.

Please trim the fat before you put the steak in the icebox.

And please dress the chicken.

When the meat arrived, Amelia Bedelia opened the bag. She looked at the steak for a long time.

"Yes," she said. "That will do nicely."

Amelia Bedelia got some lace and bits of ribbon. And Amelia Bedelia trimmed that fat before she put the steak in the icebox.

"Now I must dress the chicken. I wonder if she wants a he chicken or a she chicken?" said Amelia Bedelia.



Amelia Bedelia went right to work. Soon the chicken was finished.

Amelia Bedelia heard the door open.

"The folks are back," she said. She rushed out to meet them.

"Amelia Bedelia, why are all the light bulbs outside?" asked Mr. Rogers.



"The list just said to put the lights out," said Amelia Bedelia. "It didn't say to bring them back in. Oh, I do hope they didn't get aired too long."

"Amelia Bedelia, the sun will fade the furniture. I asked you to draw the drapes," said Mrs. Rogers.

"I did! I did! See," said Amelia Bedelia. She held up her picture.

Then Mrs. Rogers saw the furniture. "The furniture!" she cried.

"Did I dust it well enough?" asked Amelia Bedelia. "That's such nice dusting powder."

Mr. Rogers went to wash his hands. "I say," he called. "These are very unusual towels."



Mrs. Rogers dashed into the bathroom. "Oh, my best towels," she said.

"Didn't I change them enough?" asked Amelia Bedelia.



Mrs. Rogers went to the kitchen. "I'll cook the dinner. Where is the rice I asked you to measure?"

"I put it back in the container. But I remember — it measured four and a half inches," said Amelia Bedelia.

"Was the meat delivered?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Yes," said Amelia Bedelia. "I trimmed the fat just like you said. It does look nice."

Mrs. Rogers rushed to the icebox. She opened it.

"Lace! Ribbons! Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Rogers.



"The chicken — you dressed the chicken?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Yes, and I found the nicest box to put him in," said Amelia Bedelia.

"Box!" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers hurried over to the box. She lifted the lid. There lay the chicken. And he was just as dressed as he could be.



Mrs. Rogers was angry. She was very angry. She opened her mouth. Mrs. Rogers meant to tell Amelia Bedelia she was fired. But before she could get the words out, Mr. Rogers put something in her mouth. It was so good Mrs. Rogers forgot about being angry.

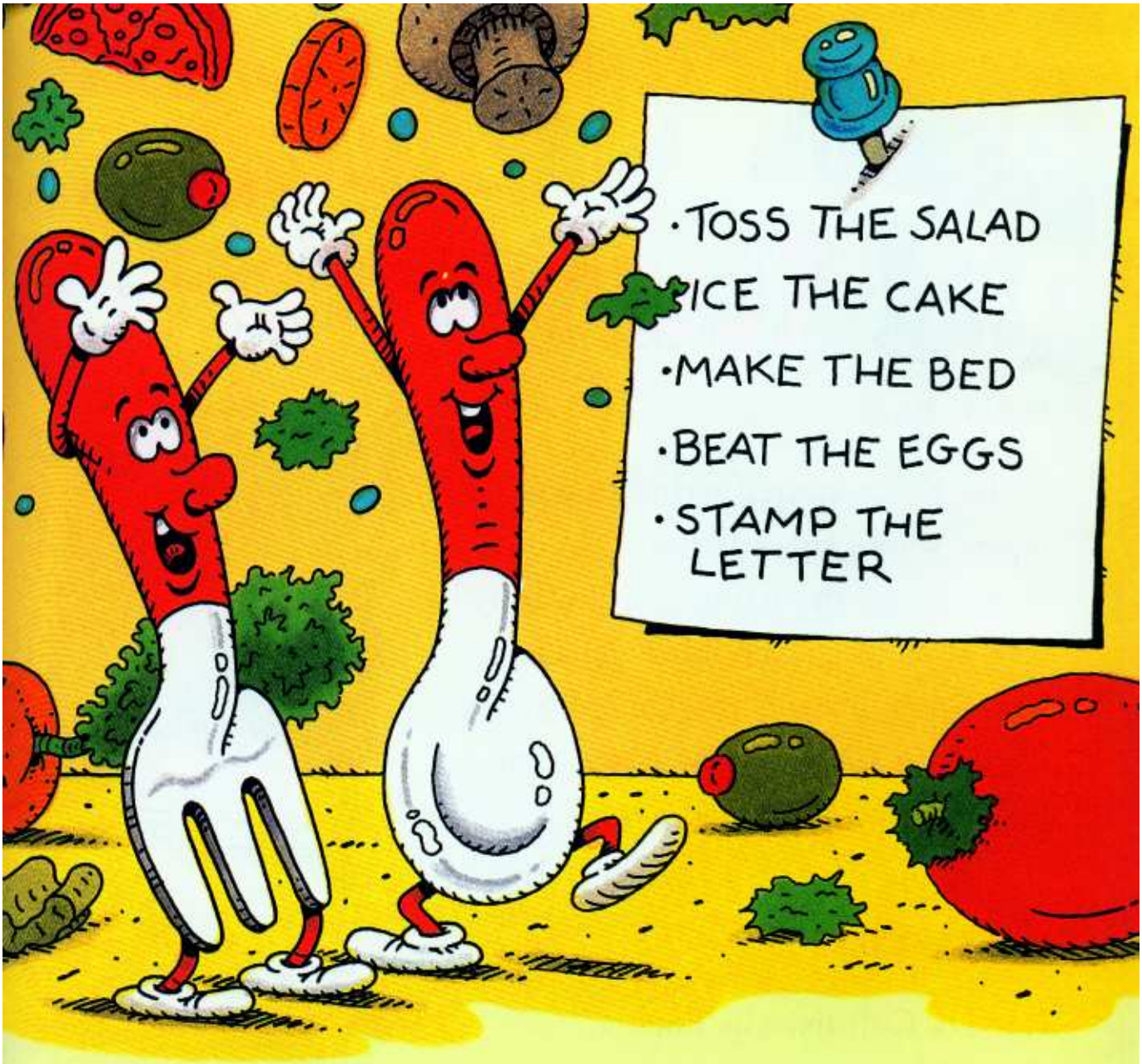
"Lemon-meringue pie!" she exclaimed.

"I made it to surprise you," said Amelia Bedelia happily. So right then and there Mr. and Mrs. Rogers decided that Amelia Bedelia must stay. And so she did.

Mrs. Rogers learned to say undust the furniture, unlight the lights, close the drapes, and things like that. Mr. Rogers didn't care if Amelia Bedelia trimmed all of his steaks with lace.

All he cared about was having her there to make lemon-meringue pie.





DON'T FORGET TO...

In the story, Mrs. Rogers left a list of jobs for Amelia to do, and Amelia got everything mixed up. Imagine that Mrs. Rogers left the list at the top of this page for Amelia.

With a partner, act out each job on the list. Take turns acting out the way Mrs. Rogers wants the job done and the way Amelia Bedelia might really do the job.

About the Authors and Illustrators

Keiko Kasza

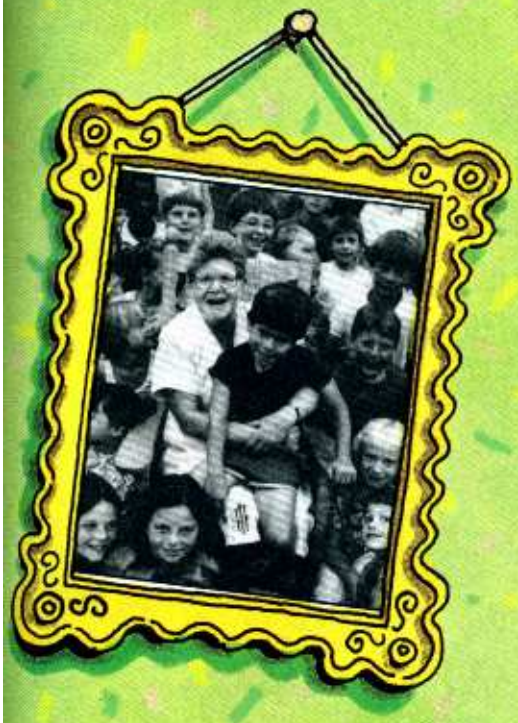


Keiko Kasza started writing books in Japan, where she was born. While living there, she wrote and illustrated several children's books in Japanese. Kasza now lives in the United States. *The Wolf's Chicken Stew* is the first book she has published here.

Ivar Da Coll



Ivar Da Coll lives in Bogotá, Colombia, with his two cats, Sara and Eusebio. He enjoys inventing animal characters, drawing them, and then writing stories about them. Eusebio and his friends appear in other stories Ivar Da Coll has written. You may have read one of them, "The Birthday Cake," in *Bookworm*. These animal characters have also appeared on television and in the theater.



Peggy Parish

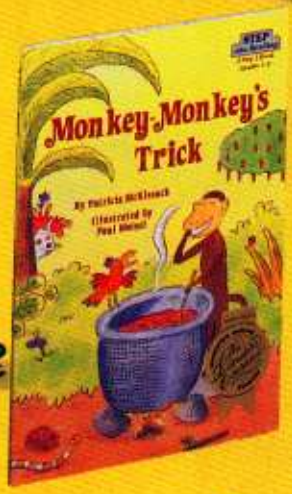
When Peggy Parish was a child, she enjoyed playing with other children. But she also enjoyed being alone because she could read as many books as she wanted. She loved books so much that when she grew up she wrote her own books. *Amelia Bedelia* was her first book about Amelia the maid. At the library, you'll find other books about Amelia Bedelia's mixed-up adventures.



Fritz Siebel

Fritz Siebel was born in Austria. After moving to the United States, he worked as an illustrator of advertisements for magazines and television. He has illustrated two other Amelia Bedelia books, as well as *Cat and Dog, Tell Me Some More,* and *Who Took the Farmer's Hat?*

A Laugh From Cover To Cover



Monkey-Monkey's Trick
by Patricia McKissack

Monkey-Monkey needs to build a new home. A pot of stew and a beautiful creature may be able to help him.

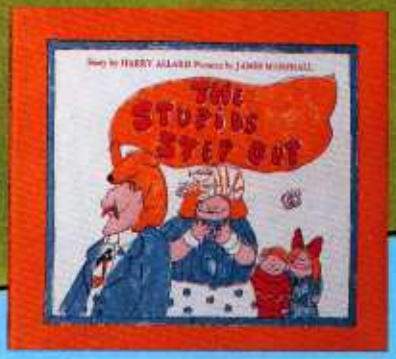
Swamp Monsters
by Mary Blount Christian

Anything can happen when two naughty swamp monsters dress up as children and go on a class trip.



The Stupids Step Out
by Harry Allard

Here are the Stupids —
a family who walk on their
hands and eat mashed potato
sundaes!

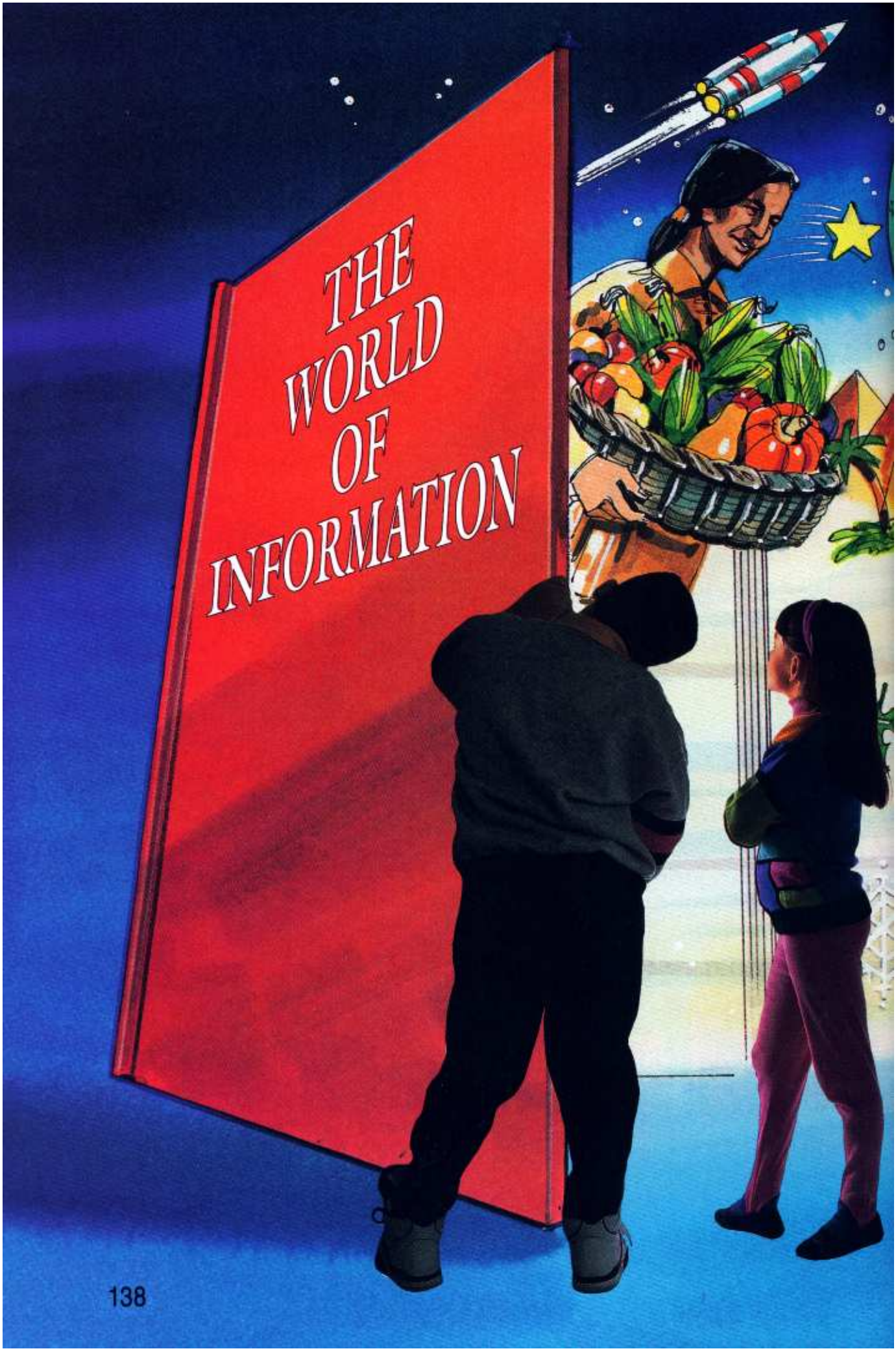


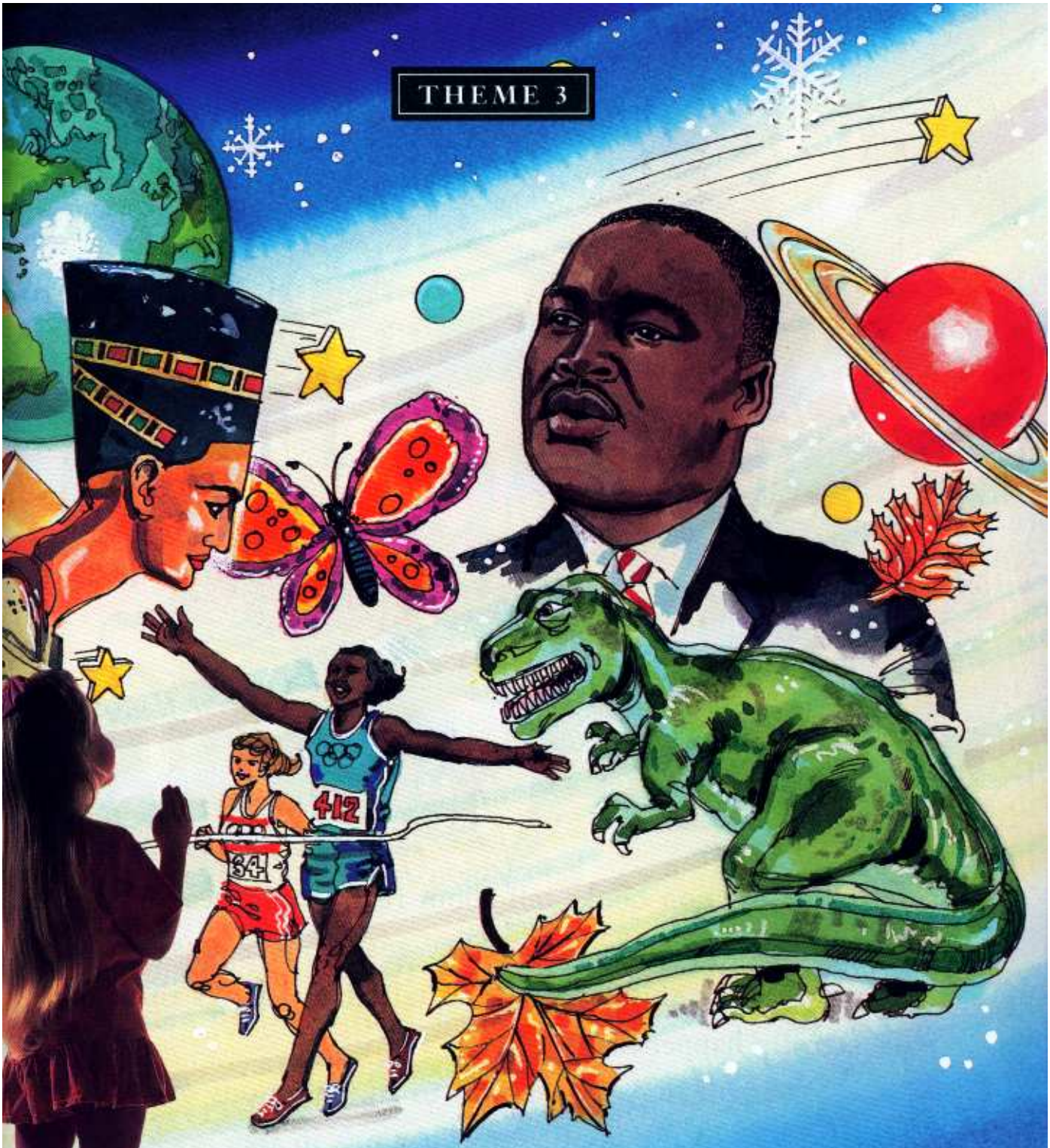
Henry Goes West
by Robert Quackenbush

Lots of silly things happen
when Henry goes out West
to visit his friend Clara.






THE
WORLD
OF
INFORMATION



- What is bigger than a million earths all put together?
- What is a stegosaurus (steg-uh-SAW-russ)?
- Who was Martin Luther King, Jr.?



Nonfiction books tell about real people, real animals, and real places. They answer questions, explain how things work, and tell about things that actually happened.

You will find the answers to the questions on page 139 in the nonfiction selections in this book. For other questions you might have, your library is full of nonfiction books on every subject you can imagine.

Welcome to the World of Information.